

# THE SEWANEE REVIEW.

A QUARTERLY JOURNAL OF LITERARY STUDIES.

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VOL. VII.]

JANUARY, 1899.

[No. 1.]

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## THE COMPARATIVE STUDY OF RELIGIONS: ITS PITFALLS AND ITS PROMISE.

INCIDENTAL to recent scientific progress in every department of research and investigation, the comparative method of study has received general recognition. It dominates the entire field of biology, and through the spectroscope its

"Eye dismounts the highest star,"

as it reaches out into the realms of physics and astronomy. It traces the relations of the human anatomy to that of the lower forms of animal life, thereby affording abundant evidence of the reasonableness of the doctrine of evolution, and of our far-away kinship with the brute creation. It enters the realm of psychology, and throws valuable light on the nether side of human experience by tracing the heritage of morbid tendencies and criminal impulses to that animal ancestry out of which man has slowly risen. By showing the relationships of mental processes in men and animals it demonstrates the unity of mind. The sciences of comparative anatomy and comparative psychology have now taken a permanent place in the curriculum of the college and the university. The command, "Know thyself," is scientifically understood to imply the sympathetic study of our poor relations, the lower forms of sentient life.

Not only is the comparative method potent in revealing the true nature of the human mind; it is also of the highest utility in studying the special and particular activities of men in the living world of society. We have learned that man is

primarily and essentially a social being. His vision of the world that now is, and his hopes of the world to come, grow out of his social relationships. The "lone anthropoid" of earlier evolutionary speculation was a fiction of the uninstructed scientific imagination. Man never was an unsocial being. We can only know the individual by comprehending his relations with his fellows. Separate him from his fellows, and he is no longer an individual: he becomes an insentient thing, a lump of clay. To know him truly, we must study him, not only in his static relations with the existing generation of living men and women, but also in his dynamic relations, as the inheritor of impulses, ideas, and tendencies received from past generations. We cannot know the man of to-day without knowing something of our Father-Man, the Man who was the life of history.

What is true of the individual is true also of those instincts, faculties, and tendencies which groups of men hold in common: it is true of the growing sciences based on the study of these instincts, faculties, and tendencies—of ethics, sociology, and religion—as well as of language, the medium of social intercommunication. The science of comparative philology has been especially fruitful in the light which it throws upon the natural history of the human intellect, as well as upon those social and political relationships which are usually grouped under the head of history.

Like sociology itself, the science of religion, based upon the comparative study of early and contemporaneous forms of religious belief, is still in its infancy—a science in the making—but already full of promise and hope for man. It is a science the materials for which have mainly been gathered during the past century, the possibility and opportunity for which have only recently dawned upon the human mind. Its full revelations are for the generations yet to be. Wonderful indeed, and full of deep significance already, are the results of the comparative study of religions, in their bearing not only on our understanding of the nature of religion but on our comprehension of that form of religious faith which is our own inheritance. We are beginning to realize the

full import of the statement of the venerable pioneer in comparative study, both in philology and in religion, Professor F. Max Müller, of Oxford University, who quotes Goethe's paradox, "He who knows one language knows none," and declares that it is equally true that he who knows one religion knows none.

Marvelous beyond all anticipation have been the labors of investigators in this field of study, wonderful are the results of their faithful research during the century which is now closing. Buried cities have been resurrected; languages, dead so many centuries that their alphabets, grammars, and relationships to other tongues were lost and forgotten, have been brought to light and reconstructed; inscriptions and manuscripts in the ancient Sanskrit, Pahlavi, Pali, Avestan, Chinese, Egyptian, Semitic dialects, and Chaldean tongues, have been patiently studied and triumphantly rendered, until we are now able to trace dimly the features of ancient cults and the character of their social and intellectual environments, out of the interaction between which have been evolved the faiths, rituals, and dogmas that the world holds dear to-day.

There are two essential qualifications for comparative study in every department of research, and especially in the investigation of religions: an open mind, free from the bias of preconceptions, searching for ideal truth, and ready to accept truth wherever it may be found; and a sound judgment—the capacity for weighing evidence and giving to every fact its due force in the formation of conclusions. The student should also be well grounded in the scientific method, particularly in psychology. Without these qualifications the investigator is likely to be led astray at every step. With them, he is sure to enlarge the boundaries of his own knowledge, and his judgment will become a safe reliance for other students and investigators. Dogmatism is out of place in scientific research, whatever may be its subject-matter. It is peculiarly out of place in the historical and comparative study of religions.

When the late George Smith, of the British Museum,

translated the remarkable series of cuneiform tablets containing the Chaldean stories of the creation and the flood, he thought he discovered in a fragmentary inscription of Nebudchadnezzar's<sup>1</sup> a reference to the scriptural account of the Tower of Babel and the confusion of tongues.<sup>2</sup> He translated a portion of this inscription as follows:

The tower, the eternal house which I founded and built,  
The first story, which is the base of the house,  
The most ancient monument of Babylon,  
I built and finished it.

. . . . . This edifice,  
The house of the seven lights of the earth,  
The most ancient monument of Borsippa:  
A former king built it, forty-two ages ago,  
But he did not complete its head.

*Since a remote time people had abandoned it,  
Without order expressing their words. . . .*

In these last lines Mr. Smith discovered, as he thought, an allusion to the Bible story of the confusion of tongues. This theory was dissipated, however, when Mr. Fox Talbot, an equally conscientious and reliable student and translator, rendered the italicized lines:

From extreme old age it had rotted away.  
The water springs beneath it had not been kept in order.

Dr. Sayce and other subsequent investigators corroborated the conclusion of Mr. Talbot that nothing like the interpretation assigned to the passage by Mr. Smith can legitimately be given to it. No one suspects that Mr. Smith deliberately falsified the record; but, carried away by his preconception, and self-hypnotized into a state of mental expectancy, he read into the inscription the interpretation which he anticipated finding there. This illustrates the extreme care which is necessary, even for the most competent investigator, to assure entire openness of mind and freedom from bias in his studies.

On the other hand, there are enthusiastic archæologists

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<sup>1</sup> Nabu-Kur-ud-uzer of the inscriptions.

<sup>2</sup> *Vide* "The Chaldean Account of Genesis."



and travelers, like Dr. LePlongeon<sup>1</sup> and his excellent wife, entirely reliable, doubtless, as witnesses to any facts they may describe, but whose interpretation of these facts is vitiated by the lack of a sufficient basis in sound scholarship outside their specialty, and by the possession of an untrained judgment in the methods of scientific procedure. When Dr. LePlongeon, for example, finds evidences of lingual kinship and the transference of religious ideas in languages so diverse as the Maya and earlier Central American dialects, the Egyptian, Chaldean, Aramaic, and Sanskrit, and gives to the dying words of the Christ, as reported in Mark in the Aramaic tongue, a Maya significance quite different from that assigned to them by the Evangelist, he discredits the soundness of all his conclusions in the judgment of competent scholars.

The student of comparative religion has also to guard most carefully against the tendency to assume a common origin for myths and religious ideas because of their evident similarity among different peoples. He needs to be well grounded in psychology, as well as in the ordinary modes of scientific procedure. He must remember that science teaches the unity of mind, and that the minds of men react naturally in a similar way, in response to like phenomena, the world over. As an able writer has recently said, "Myths bloom as freely in the human mind as blossoms on the trees."<sup>2</sup> In order to infer logically the transference of religious ideas from one people or cult to another, a historical contact must be clearly proven, and it must also be plainly shown that the idea in question was not held by the people or cult to whom it is assumed that it was transferred prior to the contact, and that evidences of its growth in the new soil are subsequently discernible.

The effort which has been made in recent years, for ex-

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<sup>1</sup>Author of "The Ancient Inhabitants of Peru, and Their Civilization," "Vestiges of the Mayas," "Sacred Mysteries among the Mayas and the Quiches," etc.

<sup>2</sup>Count Goblet d'Alviella, "Origin and Growth of the Conception of God" (Hibbert Lectures).

ample, to trace primitive Christian ideas and ceremonials to a Buddhist origin<sup>1</sup> is discredited at the outset by the totally different conceptions of the God idea and the destiny of man after death in the two religions. The evidence of historical contacts must be very clear indeed to permit a logical inference of assimilation to account for superficial likenesses. The fact that both Buddha and Jesus taught in parables, and that there are certain undeniable resemblances in their ethical doctrines, by no means justifies the assumption that the latter Teacher consciously or unconsciously borrowed from Buddhistic sources; nor does the evidence that Buddhist missionaries were teaching in various parts of Asia, and even, possibly, on the confines of Europe, in pre-Christian times, furnish a sufficient proof of a historical contact between the two religions. On the other hand, the admitted indebtedness of the Roman Church to paganism for some of its paraphernalia and ceremonial observances,<sup>2</sup> and the marked similarity between the Buddhist and Roman rituals, justify the reasonable inference that both may have unconsciously drawn from common antecedent sources in creating these externals of their respective cults. The best corrective of such assumptions as those to which reference has been made, as to Buddhist influence on the essentials of Christian doctrine, is to be found not in ridicule or denunciation, but in studying such able and scholarly treatises as Professor Crawford Howell Toy's "Quotations of the Old Testament in the New," a noble contribution to the science of comparative religion. The careful study of such works as this, and a thorough knowledge of the characteristics of Hebrew thought prior to the advent of Christianity, would prevent hasty inferences like those in Dr. Felix Oswald's "Secret of the East," and the recent works of Dr. Paul Carus.<sup>3</sup>

In addition to such honest, and in some respects scholarly efforts as these, which err in their conclusions through a lack of adequate preparation along certain related lines of study

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<sup>1</sup> Cf. "The Secret of the East," by Felix Oswald, M.D.

<sup>2</sup> Vide "Christian Institutions," by Arthur Penrhyn Stanley.

<sup>3</sup> "The Gospel of Buddha" and "Buddhism and Its Christian Critics."

on the part of their authors, the science of comparative religion is also unjustly compelled to bear the burden of such publications as the works of the late Madame Blavatsky, Professor Piazzzi Smith, and other writers who have endeavored to prove the inspired and prophetic character of the structure of the Great Pyramid; and the anonymous author of the bulky quarto entitled "Bible Myths and Their Parallels in Other Religions." Here the theological, or antitheological, bias is dominant, and the author is enabled to read into a mass of poorly digested and badly arranged material, including a good deal which is of questionable authenticity, the special theory which he subsequently triumphantly draws out of it. To the trained mind of the scholarly investigator these works pass for their true value, but to the general reader whose curiosity is sufficiently piqued to induce him to wade through their pages they are inevitably confusing and misleading. These, however, are the mere flotsam and jetsam of the great current of historical investigation which is bearing us on toward undiscovered continents of truth and scholarly acquirement.

Having noted some of the danger signals that must be set up along the path of the student in comparative religion, it is the further purpose of this article to indicate a few of the interesting results of this study as it relates to the origin and early manifestations of the religious sentiment. One of the most difficult things for a person to do, as all experience testifies, is to put himself in another's place, and look upon the problems of life with the eyes of those whose bias of inheritance and education is different from his own. Yet this is what we must all attempt to do if we would live in just and friendly relations with our fellows. It is, in fact, a universally recognized obligation of Christian ethics embodied in the golden rule. If it admittedly applies to the ordinary affairs of life, it is equally essential in what we may term the ethics of the intellect. In religious investigation this obligation upon the scholar is incessant and peremptory. Especially where the time element affects the problem the difficulty of forming just conclusions is greatly increased. We

are accustomed to look upon religion as a thing which sprang, Minervalike, full panoplied, from the brain of Jove—a thing for all time, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. We are beginning to see, however, that a golden thread of unity and progressive tendency runs through the entire period of man's social and religious development; to discover an element of truth and reality even in the most primitive faiths; and to realize that the highest conceptions of the most advanced religions have roots running back into the prehistoric period.

Primitive man, as revealed by ethnological and anthropological studies, must have been a being of exceedingly simple habits, characteristics, and ideas, a child of nature rather than of art or culture. We must get very near to nature in its original simplicity before we can understand him, enter into his joys, comprehend his sorrows, or think his thoughts after him. Seeking for the origin and earliest characteristics of his religious ideas, we find them, apparently, in psychical activities which he possessed in common with the higher animals. Whether all aboriginal peoples have had some form of religion is still a disputed question. Philologists tell us that there are extant savage tribes which have no words to express the ideas of God, spirit, or a life apart from that of the physical body. The testimony of language, however, is inconclusive, since among primitive peoples languages undergo very rapid changes. Words and even ideas may have been lost as a result of changing social conditions and environments. The doctrine of evolution implies possible local degeneration, as well as general progress; and some savage tribes are doubtless degenerate survivors of an earlier stock.

However we may decide the problem of the universality of the religious sentiment within the range of the historical period, we must regard it as antecedently probable that there existed a prehistoric stage in human evolution, when no conceptions were held that we ought strictly to designate as religious. In common with the higher animals, however, primitive man exemplified the tendency to regard all moving objects, whether natural or artificial, as alive, endowed with

volition, and capable of inflicting injury or bestowing benefits on men. All children, as well as undeveloped adult races and individuals, still manifest the tendency to interpret all unexplained phenomena involving the expression of force or motion in the terms of their own consciousness. They personify these phenomena, attribute to them certain beneficent or maleficent purposes and powers, and fear and blame them for injuries inflicted, as they would human beings. A cat or dog will jump at bits of paper or small objects blown by the wind as upon living game. The horse "shies" at an object of unusual appearance, thinking it is some living being which bodes him harm. Animals, like human beings, learn to trace the movements of accustomed objects to their natural causes, and cease to regard them with apprehension. It is the element of mystery behind the phenomenon, the apparently self-moving activity, akin to that inner sense of freedom or volition which he experiences in his own consciousness that leads the man or animal to personify the moving or mysterious object, and causes it to be regarded with fear or dread.

This impulse, in its most primitive form, cannot properly be characterized as religious. It is, however, the psychological substratum out of which the religious sentiment is developed. It becomes religious only when a sense of dependence upon this external power for help and sustenance, or even for life itself, accompanies its personification. In this primitive notion, the result of early introspection and reflection, are the seeds of both theism and pantheism. It develops as naturally into the sense of oneness with the divine which finds its loftiest expression in noble philosophical systems like the Indian Vedanta, as it does on the other hand into the sense of God as an overruling power, outside of man and the physical universe. It is to this same conception of force as a psychical perception in the individual consciousness that Herbert Spencer traces all our ideas of those natural forces which we objectify in the material universe. The so-called physical energies which hold the planets in their orbits and bind together the atoms in a block of granite



are, in his philosophy, only known to us through a psychical experience; and this experience constitutes the most ultimate of all our philosophical ideas.

One of the most characteristic and universal among the earlier forms of religious expression is that known as fetichism, which is directly allied to the primitive conception already described. Fetichism is defined by Count Goblet d'Alviella, in his Hibbert Lectures on "The Origin and Growth of the Idea of God," as "the belief in supernatural influences emanating from concrete objects." "The whole meaning of fetichism," he adds, "may be defined as the belief that the appropriation of a thing may secure the services of the spirit which lodges within it." Strictly speaking, however, the conception of a spirit as lodging within the object and separable from it characterizes a more advanced religious and psychological stage in human evolution, which is better designated as animism. The fetich worshiper regards the object itself as alive—he has not yet formed a clear conception of an indwelling spirit separable from the material form. It is the thing itself, regarded as endowed with life and possessing supernatural powers, which is the object of his reverence.

It is not the purpose of this paper to describe in detail the various phases of fetich worship, or of the other early forms in which the religious sentiment manifests itself. Students have divided fetichism into two modes or forms, the natural and artificial, or the primary and secondary. In the first, man personifies natural objects—a rude stone, a tree, or perhaps an animal supposed to possess supernatural powers—and chooses them for his helpers. The second and more advanced form, which should be clearly distinguished by a separate designation, and which has been called animism, implies the assumed incorporation of an independent spirit into the material object. There is much confusion among writers in the use of these terms, but a proper respect for the philology of the term "animism" would justify the distinction herein indicated, and simplify future expositions of the subject. In no case, it should be clearly understood, does

the fetich worshiper bow down to the simple stock or stone which he chooses as the object of his devotions. It is always the life supposed to dwell within the object, the power not himself and assumed to be superior to himself, which the fetich symbolizes to his imagination, that is the real object of his reverence.

The supposed efficacy of relics, like the teeth of Buddha, the bones of the saints, and nails from the true cross, is a survival of the fetichistic cult which persists under the sanction of some of the more advanced forms of religion at the present day. Underlying this superstition is a really noble idea: the conception that human virtue is undying, that it lends power and blessings to all it touches, that contact with a righteous personality is an imperishable honor to the body which was its habitation or the cross on which the Saviour of the race was nailed.

Perhaps the noblest development of fetichism is where it passes into Sabianism, or the worship of the heavenly bodies. This mode of worship was dominant in the religions of ancient Chaldea, Babylonia, Assyria, and Phœnicia, and strongly influenced all the older forms of religion among the Semites and other Oriental peoples. Survivals of this, as well as of more degraded forms, are to be found even now in popular superstitions almost world-wide in their influence. The notion of good luck, as related to the possession of such objects as the horseshoe and the four-leaved clover, or to the accident of seeing the new moon over the right shoulder; the conception that bad luck follows the accidental spilling of salt, or breaking of glass, or the dropping of a fork if it happens to stick upright in the floor, are familiar illustrations of influences from which many otherwise rational and intelligent people are not wholly free. Fetichism easily passes over into divination, survivals of which still exist in the custom of "telling fortunes" by inspecting the grounds in a tea-cup, and similar pastimes of the thoughtless and superstitious.

If we were to stop short with illustrations of this kind, the study of primitive religious ideas might seem to demonstrate

what the scientific mind would regard as a sympathy and persistence of superstitions rather than the unity of the religious sentiment. Probing beneath these surface manifestations, the scientific student of religions finds that fetichism was not only in the normal line of religious evolution, but that it even illustrates the childlike effort of the human mind toward a scientific explanation of natural phenomena. The fetich worshiper had already passed beyond the stage of simple, unreflecting acceptance of the sense perceptions excited by contact with the world about him. He saw in nature somewhat more than that which superficially appears in its phenomena. The principle of causation had already found a lodgment in his mind, and he had begun to seek for the inner meaning and true cause of the phenomena which he beheld. He sought, as d'Alviella declares, "to appropriate a natural object in order to secure the services of the spirit or power which was lodged within it."

What more, in truth, do the apostle of science and the man of affairs seek to accomplish at the present day? In studying the laws of nature and discovering the properties of matter, with added intelligence and in accordance with a truer method—the educational products of past experiences—they strive none the less earnestly "to secure the services of the spirit which is lodged within it." The thought of the scientific investigator, indeed, is more closely allied to the primitive fetichistic beliefs of his far-away ancestors than to the later animistic notions which to a great degree have superseded them; for, like the fetich worshiper, he looks for forces and qualities resident in the objects of his investigation, rather than for ghosts or spirits separable from their material environments.

Fetichism allies itself also to some of the noblest forms of religious belief and philosophical speculation that constitute the world's later heritage. In this earliest form of religion we find a very clear appreciation of a spiritual reality, immanent in the world of matter, and transcending sense perception—a higher, more rational, and more monistic conception of which is the latest outcome of the advanced scien-

tific and philosophic thought of the present day. The worshiper of a transcendent life and power in stocks and stones, in mountains and seas, in the rolling planets, in the storm cloud and the setting sun, was on his way toward the conception of the deepest spiritual realities—of the immanent and everlasting God.

Not less interesting and significant is the revelation of comparative study as to the true psychological and spiritual meaning of the next stage in religious evolution, which we call idolatry. If we accept the teachings of modern science, we must recognize the fact that our lives are spent in a universe which is known to us only through processes of symbolical representation. This is the truth that all our modern idealism somewhat vaguely hints at, and which is most clearly enunciated by Kant and Spencer. It is the essence of the Spencerian doctrine of the relativity of knowledge, and ultimates in the conception of "transfigured realism," which is fundamental to Mr. Spencer's epistemology. Science teaches us, in substance, that our senses are affected in certain specific ways by the activities of an external universe. They report these experiences, not in terms of the external operating forces, but of our own consciousness, under the subjective limitations of our senses. Certain atmospheric vibrations give rise in our consciousness to the phenomena of sound. The relation of the mental concept, sound, to a rapid vibration of material particles is something that we cannot understand or explain; we can only accept it as an ultimate fact. Within a certain definite and measurable range, the vibrations of a hypothetical but very real medium known as the ether produce in our consciousness the varied phenomena of vision. The wonderful universe of light and shade, of color, perspective and form, is within our own minds; yet we logically relate it to somewhat without ourselves, which is potent to produce within us the effects which we experience. So of all the other modes of sense perception.

Viewing the matter comparatively, we are compelled to the conclusion that, to beings otherwise constituted, the uni-

verse would present an appearance quite different from that which our senses report. The vague consciousness of the microorganism, possessing no developed senses, could not perceive anything like the world of sound and color, taste, smell, and feeling, which is present to us. To Voltaire's imaginary being with seventy senses, what a different world were possible! a world transcending that in which we live perhaps as much as ours transcends that of the *amœba*. Every finite being is a creature with an arbitrarily limited number of sense avenues, each of which is also limited in its scope or range. To know reality, in its inmost essence, in the totality of its interrelational activities, we must abolish all these limitations, we must become pure spirit, we must become gods.

So, too, in our world of social intercommunication, philology assures us that we can interchange thought only by the use of verbal symbols. Language can never adequately and completely express the ideas and emotions of the speaker or writer. The hearer participates in the thought of the speaker in proportion to the exactness with which his previous experience and reflection have run parallel with those of the speaker, and as his words accordingly give rise to like conceptions in the hearer's mind to those in his own which prompt their expression. The myth arises naturally in uncultivated minds out of this symbology of language, and mythology constitutes an important factor in the study of primitive religions.

All communication of truth, therefore, is revelation by the use of symbols; and all revelation, whether from man to man, or from the infinite Source of all life and truth to the finite mind, depends for its reception and comprehension not only, as Shakspeare says of a jest's prosperity, "on the ear of him who hears it," but also on the quality and content of the mind which lies back of the ear and interprets in its own terms the symbols of spoken or written speech. To a man living in such a universe of symbols, how natural is all religious symbolism! how inevitable is that stage in religious evolution which we call "idolatry!" Idolatry indicates an



intellectual advance in the manifestation of the religious sentiment, as compared with the mental attitude of the fetich worshiper. It also presupposes the secondary stage which has been denominated "animism." In its earlier and more primitive forms it grows naturally out of fetichism and animism.

All religious symbolism may be classified as subjective, figurative, or imitative.<sup>1</sup> It is subjective when we aim thereby to express certain sentiments or emotions, as fear or reverence, by certain bodily attitudes, as kneeling, prostrating one's face in the dust, or raising the hands in supplication. It is figurative, when we directly represent a spiritual conception or an abstract quality in a definite and concrete form. It is imitative when we reproduce in action the supposed acts of a real or imaginary being. Subjective symbolism, or the forms and attitudes of ceremonial worship, accompanies the very earliest manifestations of the religious sentiment. Figurative symbolism, or idolatry and image worship, can hardly appear until the animistic impulse is developed—until the gods are conceived as personal beings apart from material things.

The fetich is regarded as having a life of its own, but with only a vague sense of the kinship of this life to the personality of human beings.<sup>2</sup> The idol in its most primitive significance is the fetich consciously fashioned to represent the traits of the spirit which is supposed to reside within it. It may take the form of a man, or of an animal, or of some imaginary being embodying composite qualities of men and animals, but it must symbolize some supposed spiritual reality. In its earlier and more undeveloped stage idolatry doubtless implies a very real and sincere belief in the existence of beings such as are represented, however gross may be the

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<sup>1</sup> I am indebted for this analysis to Count d'Alviella's able discussion of this question.

<sup>2</sup> Brinton thinks the earliest conceptions of the gods were impersonal. If he means by this that they did not exemplify an anthropomorphic personality, I should agree with him. (*Vide* "Primitive Religions," by Daniel G. Brinton, Ph.D.)

symbolism. Pure symbolism, the conscious representation of spiritual qualities in physical terms, belongs to a later and higher stage of religious evolution.

In advanced forms of religion, like the Brahmanic cult of India, where images have a place in the ceremonial of worship, we doubtless find all forms of mental attitude, from the primitive and materialistic to the more spiritual and consciously symbolical. It is easy to see that there is no special sanctity in the mere form of wood or stone or metal in the mind of the idolater, any more than in that of the fetich worshiper. The presence of the spirit, which alone gives sanctity to the image, is usually assured by priestly rites and ceremonials. In China images are sold for a few "cash" in the shops, precisely like those which are worshiped in the temples, but they possess no religious significance or value until they have received the priestly rites of sanctification. The Polynesian islanders make wooden figures into which the priests are believed to project the souls of the dead or of the gods. These spirits, it is thought, can be drawn out again by passing certain sanctified feathers over the image, and can be transferred through the feathers to another image. This power of the priests over the gods and spirits is of manifest utility in enabling them to maintain their authority over the people. Even among the Hebrews small consecrated images called *teraphim* were carried from place to place, receiving reverence, as late as the time of David.<sup>1</sup> The New Zealanders carve images of the dead, and place them in their houses and tombs. They clothe and feed them, believing that the indwelling spirits are thereby comforted and nourished. The ancient Egyptians placed statues or statuettes in the tombs of the dead, which were believed to be the abode of the *Ka*, or double, until the final resurrection. The Siamese represent the demons of disease as existing in human shape, and exorcise them into clay images, which they then proceed to execute by hanging or drowning, thus effecting a cure of the patient, a primitive mode of healing by mental suggestion.

The composite forms of many of the idols of Assyria,

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<sup>1</sup> Gen. xxxi. 19, 30, *et seq.*; 1 Sam. xix. 13, 16; Judges xviii. 14, 18; etc.

Chaldea, Phœnicia, and India lend themselves readily to a curious and highly developed symbolism. Wings suggest the power of rapid transportation through space; a lion's body or head, or the head or body of a bull, symbolize strength or virility. Many arms suggest omnipotent power; many eyes, omniscience. Though belief in the existence of real beings with such composite forms was doubtless common in early times, this fact does not depreciate the significance of the symbolism; for it was this which the imagination utilized to create the conception of such beings, which subsequently took objective form in the idols; as in all art the thought antedates and determines the expression.

The use of animal forms in idolatrous symbolism was doubtless often derived directly from the worship of the animal as a fetich; but the animals themselves, in such instances, were symbolical in the minds of their worshipers of supernatural powers which they did not actually possess. The curious notion known as totemism, which prevails among the American Indians and other savage peoples, illustrates the symbolical nature of such beliefs. The totem is the symbol of the great tribal ancestor; but descent in such cases is not traced from any actual bear, or wolf, or eagle, but from some great mythical prototype of these animals, supposed to be possessed of supernatural qualities.

The highest forms of symbolism appear when the great powers of nature are personified and represented in statues, drawings, and bas-reliefs. This accompanies a high development of the anthropomorphic tendency, akin to some of the earliest as well as to some of the latest and noblest phases of the religious sentiment—the tendency which impels men to picture their deities with human forms and attributes. While the deeper and more developed thought of the later time tends to outgrow and discard these symbolical conceptions, and the function of pure philosophy is to strip away all verbal disguises, and place the soul face to face with the actual reality of things—to transform idols into ideals—we must recognize the fact that a very noble and lovely type of character is still consistent with the clinging of the soul to this

religious imagery and symbolism. The Greek philosophers, some of the Hindoo sages of this and former generations, and the Roman Catholic saints are examples of this type of mind, which even Protestantism has not wholly outgrown.<sup>1</sup> The tendency of those forms of religion whose founders have renounced and condemned idolatry, like the Buddhist, the Christian, and the Mohammedan, to revert to some objective form of religious symbolism, is also a noteworthy phenomenon in religious evolution. Bearing these facts in mind, and reflecting on the real meaning and utility of these primitive phases of religion in the minds of their devotees, we shall think twice before we draw a sharp line of demarcation between fetichism and idolatry on the one hand and the loftiest expression of the religious sentiment on the other. We shall recognize our own intellectual kinship to these faiths, which we have been taught to regard as alien, and treat them tenderly, like the outgrown garments of childhood. We shall see in these very notions, once universal, the pathetic gropings of the undeveloped mind of man toward a knowledge of the Power and Beneficence in which the world is embosomed, and find in them the bonds of brotherhood and religious unity, rather than the decree of sectarian animosity and separation. With a larger charity, we shall push forward to loftier spiritual heights, and a clearer intellectual apprehension of religious truth, without spurning the ladder on which our spiritual ancestors have climbed, or contempt for the lowlands which were the natal place of all the world's religions.

The comparative study of religions, even in its investigation of the earliest movements of the mind of man, thus testifies indubitably to the unity of the religious sentiment, and therefore to the brotherhood of the human race. It proves, as Sabatier says, that man is "incurably religious." It assures us that, to judge wisely of man's latest thought, we must know man himself—the thinker—of whose age-long struggles, in the world of thought and the world of things

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<sup>1</sup>The Hindoo uses his idol as the Roman Catholic or Buddhist his rosary, to promote mental concentration in religious worship.

and the world of men, of whose hopes and fears, of whose joys and sorrows, of whose triumphs and aspirations toward ideals yet unattained, we are all the inheritors. In recalling the world's sages and thinkers and saints, the comparative study of religions teaches us not to forget the part that the unnamed millions who preceded them have played in the great world drama. It adjures us to remember their age-long struggles out of the night of animalism and superstition, their patient gropings after light, their noble persistence, which has secured to us a measure of comfort and hope and cheer, of high thought and visions of the better life, which to them was an impossibility.

In the light of comparative study of archæology, ethnology, folklore, philology, psychology, and religion, certain general conclusions as to the essential nature of the religious impulse appear thus far to be fully justified. We may rest firmly in the conviction that religion is not an invention of priests or philosophers, but a natural growth out of the mind and heart of man. It is a very early acquisition of man in distinction from the brute creation, but grows out of psychological characteristics which he possesses in common with the higher orders of animal life. Religion, therefore, is not a superstition, though it often becomes incrustated with superstitious beliefs. It is rather a *sub*-stition, or substantial reality, rooted in the primary and everlasting needs of human nature. It is not identical with morality, and precedes morality in the order of its development. Its earliest phases are unmoral. Some of its later rites and accompaniments are even immoral. Nevertheless, the relation of religion to morality is exceedingly vital and important. It holds primitive societies together, and thus furnishes the social conditions out of which morality is evolved. In all its later and loftier manifestations it lends its sanctions for the enforcement of the mandates of the moral law.

While primitive man is incapable of forming abstract ideas, and has, therefore, no conception of the infinite, in any of its aspects, it is the mysterious life of the universe, which he cannot comprehend, that first gives rise to the impulse to re-



ligious worship. Man's earliest ideas, in this as in other realms of thought and experience, are concrete. It is only as the mind gradually acquires the faculty of abstract thought, and is able to generalize from its concrete experiences, that religion is comprehended in its universal aspects. Nevertheless, even in its most primitive form, religion recognizes a spiritual element in nature, and assumes its kinship to the life which it knows subjectively. This earliest thought of man concerning his relation to the environing universe needs only a normal development to lead to the logical affirmation that man is created in the divine image, that he is one in substance with the divine nature; and therefore that he is endowed with infinite possibilities of progress toward the perfect. The fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man are doctrines rooted in the very earliest religious movements of the human mind. In its relation to these fundamental teachings of Christianity, the comparative study of religions comes not to destroy but to fulfill. If fear of the powers resident in nature is a primitive motive to the religious impulse, so also is hope. Faith in the ability of the gods to help and succor man is as old as the apprehension of their power to injure and destroy; and in this faith are the germs of a genuine sentiment of love and trust. It is by the development of these germs, latent in the earliest gropings of the soul after light and life, that the later and nobler forms of religious belief are differentiated from the earlier and cruder.

LEWIS G. JANES,

Director of the Cambridge Conferences.

## THE GERMAN WOMAN OF TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY.

MORE than a year ago there met in Berlin a Woman's International Congress. "This congress," says Monsieur G. Valbert, writing in the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*," "was very much better organized and regulated than the one that was held previously at Paris." The meetings were presided over by Mme. Morgenstein, who has a genius for organization, and by Mme. Cauer, who about ten years ago founded the association for the advancement of women.

"German middle-class women," says this writer, "are, of all the advocates of the rights of their sex, the most prudent, sensible, and circumspect, the most moderate in their discourse as well as in their desires and demands; they represent, in fact, a mitigated and reasonable 'womanism.' Since there are contagions which nobody can escape, the time will doubtless come when, like their sisters in England and America, they will claim political equality and the suffrage; but there was no question of these in the September meetings. They want the universities thrown open to them, and then the privilege of obtaining, if they can, diplomas which will permit them to practice medicine and fill professorial chairs. They demand the revision of certain articles in the civil code, which restrict them to a state of shocking dependence; they want the condition of laboring women improved and their pay increased and made proportionate to their toil; they want the law to come to their aid in the fight against intemperance, from which these poor creatures suffer sorely. When Mme. Cauer delivered her closing address in three languages, she could bear testimony that no member of the congress had transgressed the bounds of propriety, and that the reforms which it had resolved to advocate were no vain Utopias. To assure to the married woman an efficient protection of her natural rights, and withdraw her from the tyranny of a husband who would trade upon her

industry; to procure for her who either cannot or will not marry facilities for self-support, by the opening of careers long closed to her just ambition—these, up to the present time, are the modest requirements of the German middle-class womanism."

The German association for the advancement of the rights of women has doubtless had to contend with many obstacles in its way. Of these difficulties none, perhaps, is greater than the iron fetters which custom has riveted on the women of that country. And they are not eager to change their lot. The German woman has been born and reared in this condition of society; and, being conservative, she makes but little effort to break with the past and to throw off the yoke which a time-honored custom has imposed upon her. Her sphere of activity is the home; her duty, chiefly maternity. She regards herself as the servant of her "mann," as she calls her husband, to the care of whose comfort she surrenders herself entirely. This is her conception of the duty of woman. Thus has custom decreed, and she renders a willing and blind obedience to its decrees.

Goethe has portrayed the German ideal of womanly character in his conception of the Italian princess Leonora d'Este, in his psychological drama of "*Torquato Tasso*," in which he has so powerfully drawn the tragedy of a poet's life. Goethe based his play on the theory that Tasso was shut up in prison because of his aspirations for the hand of Leonora, whom custom did not permit to marry him, though she loved him passionately, simply because she was a princess and he only a poet. She was thus forced to renounce her love, however great her sacrifice, lest she should violate an imperious demand of custom, which forbade a princess to marry one below her rank. "*Nach Freiheit strebt der Mann, das Weib nach Sitte*," is her despairing cry as she submits to the inevitable and foregoes her cherished desire. In this play, a noted German critic has said, self-denial, moderation, and renunciation appear as the chief requirements for a wise conduct of life, and women are the guardians of morality and good manners. The comment is

characteristic. The submissive Leonora is praised by the Germans as the ideal of womanly character, and her example is held up before their admiring daughters for emulation. Self-sacrificing, noble, and womanly it must be confessed the princess is, but too submissive and lacking in independence and in tenacity of purpose. How unlike the American woman!

Service is what the German husband expects of his wife. Whether it is that he does not regard her as on terms of intellectual equality with himself, or as destitute of all sympathy and interest in matters outside of the domestic circle, or whatever the cause, certainly he does not discuss affairs of public importance with her, but only matters of the household, and even here she does not venture to ventilate her views too freely, though it may all have come through her dowry. She shares very little in the society of her husband. Baring-Gould calls it a "divorce of souls," and says that the men have excluded the women from their society and pour out their wealth of ideas among their fellow-men in their clubs and taverns, but never in their homes. Hence the lives of the women have been dwarfed and narrowed down so that they do not care about what is going on in the great outside world. Their interests are circumscribed by the narrow limits of the nursery and kitchen. Or, as it is reported to have been said by the present emperor, whose authority in this, as in all other matters, is presumably ultimate, woman's sphere is bounded by the three K's: *Kirche*, *Kuche*, and *Kinderstube* ("Church," "kitchen," and "nursery").

It is probably this restriction of woman's sphere and the consequent curtailment of her interests that explain the absence in German literature of such feminine names as those of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, Mrs. Browning, or Mrs. Cross, whose works so adorn our literature. Not that German women are uneducated, or wanting in appreciation of literary productions, or destitute of creative minds. The severe and thorough training in the female high schools forbids this assumption. The state conducts these schools with characteristic completeness, and the course is by no means one to be despised.

The teachers in Germany are, as a class, far better educated than the teachers in America or in England, the ranks being usually recruited from the graduates of the universities. (This is far from true of our public school teachers, as every one knows who has read the articles that have appeared of late in the various journals upon the subject of the training of our teachers.) The Victoria Lyceum, in Berlin, not to mention others, offers excellent opportunities to the German girls, and its course will bear favorable comparison in many respects with the courses of our American colleges for women.

But the association for the advancement of women has been at work and has awakened the German women out of their supine acquiescence and passive submission, and they are now beginning to press to the fore and assert their civil and social rights. They are now beginning to show, among other things, their disapproval and discontent in regard to the educational organization of the state. They are knocking at the doors of the universities for admission, which does not mean simply that they may be accorded the privilege of studying at these centers of learning. Admission to the universities implies more than this. If granted, it implies that the women are to be admitted to the privilege of entering upon the learned professions of the law and medicine, and so forth, from which, up to the present, they have been strenuously debarred. Hence the sturdy opposition they encounter. This desire on the part of the women is nothing less than a revolution in manners and a break in the conventions of a venerable custom—a custom which the Germans believe is more honored in the observance than in the breach.

The movement of the advocates of woman's rights is, therefore, in the nature of a revolt, and a revolt which the phlegmatic steady-going German does not welcome—nay, regrets. He even looks with distrust and evident dislike, in many cases, upon the woman of his own race (he will bear it with a certain condescension in the case of foreign women, perhaps as a mitigated evil) who applies for permission to attend lectures at the university. The writer well remembers



how, when he was studying at Leipzig, a certain German student, under the guise of banter, jeeringly called a Saxon girl who ventured to attend some lectures at the university a "blaustrumpf" (blue-stocking), and the host chimed in with manifest gusto. While it is true that some of the professors of the philosophical faculty do admit women to their lectures, those of the law and medical faculties, almost invariably deny them admission to their lectures. And the feeling on the part of those professors who yield to the modest request and feminine pleadings is not yet such as to give to the advocates of woman's rights the assurance of a speedy realization of their hopes. The inherited prejudice of the men that woman is a subaltern, designed to be dependent upon the stronger sex, militates forcibly against her cause.

But the German woman has no need to become discouraged, and doubtless will not. She shares with her brother the distinctive national genius for persistence, for steadiness, with commonness and humdrum for its defect, fidelity to nature for its excellence, as Matthew Arnold said. She will not fly into a passion and give up simply because she cannot have her own way from the start, as the old *Maréchale de Grancey*, the very antipode of the German type of women, is said to have done. Valbert tells the story of this able but extremely imperious woman, that after having amused herself sufficiently in life, she began to feel the need of some intellectual pursuit. On examining "*Plutarch's Lives of Great Men*," she inquired why he had not also written the lives of great women. One day the Abbé de Chateauneuf found her in a great rage. She had opened one of the Epistles of St. Paul, which was lying about her boudoir, and her eye had fallen on these words: "Wives, submit yourselves to your husbands." She was so enraged at the injunction of the apostle that she flung the book away. When the Abbé advised her that it was not necessary to take the apostle's precepts too literally or seriously, she replied, "I might have known he was a heretic," and went back to her toilet.

If, however, the German woman of to-day is looked down

upon and regarded as inferior to man, surely she of yesterday was not. In mediæval times no German would speak in derogatory tones of woman, but, on the contrary, he lauded her to the skies. Witness here the noble utterances of the poets of that period, such as Hartman von Aue, Reinmar, and Walter von der Vogelweide, who never tire of singing the praises of woman or of serving her. Reinmar puts his exalted opinion of her on record in these words: "I am suing for that which comprises all joys that a man can ever have in this world—namely, a woman." Ulrich von Lichtenstein was such a slave to his lady that he regarded her every wish and whim as a command to be cheerfully obeyed and executed. When, for example, she remarked that his mouth did not please her, he is said to have gone to the extreme of folly of having it operated on simply to please her. Some of the wandering gleemen of that day were almost as enthusiastic, though not quite so foolish as Ulrich, as, for instance, Freidank, who, with more sentiment than knowledge, derived the very name for woman (Frau) from the word "Freude" (delight), adding that women are the delight of all lands, are better than men, and have had an influence in everything that has happened in the world. Needless to say that Freidank's sentimental and fanciful etymology has long since been rejected by his prosaic successors, who surely see little delight and less beauty in the obese, submissive "Hausfrau" of to-day.

It was doubtless the fulsome flattery, the maudlin homage, the excessive follies of these latter-day minnesingers that helped to bring into disrepute the service rendered woman among the Germans. This mawkish sentimentality was, it must be admitted, the spirit of the age. It represents the decay of chivalry, which in Germany lessened the respect and homage formerly commanded by woman. No doubt, also, the teachings of the Church, especially as based on the precepts of St. Paul's Epistles, are a factor in the problem that cannot be ignored. But whether the influence of Christianity is as important a factor as some are inclined to think, is questionable.

The farther back we go in history the more exalted do we find was the position that woman occupied among the Germans. The Roman historian Tacitus, in his monograph on Germany, expressly notes the respect the women commanded. In the eighth chapter he tells of the warlike deeds of the brave women who had actually rallied retreating armies, and, through their stirring exhortations and by the interposition of their own bodies, had turned impending defeat into victory. Perhaps it was the presence of these Amazons in the German ranks that inspired in the breasts of the Roman legions that terror of which Cæsar speaks. Who knows but that the daring Thusnelda may have fought side by side with Hermann in the Teutoburger forest, where Varus received that blow which so wrung the heart of Augustus? Dio is authority for the statement that when Marcus Aurelius overthrew certain of the German allies, bodies of women in armor were found among the slain. Tacitus tells us that those German states that were obliged to give among their hostages daughters of noble families were the ones most effectually bound to fidelity.

Now if Tacitus were the only historian to relate the bold deeds of the German women, we might be inclined to be skeptical. But in view of the confirmatory evidence offered by other historians, we have no ground left for doubt, for these did not make any such serious indictment against the degeneracy of their times, the women included, as Tacitus did. How the severe historian of the decadent Roman Empire must have been grieved, as in those dissolute days he reflected upon the contrast suggested by two women, singularly typical of their respective nationalities in their times: the dignified, virtuous Thusnelda and the giddy, notorious Julia!

The German women were even supposed to possess somewhat of prescience and sanctity, says Tacitus, and the men did not despise either their counsels or their vaticinations. But their sisters of to-day may felicitate themselves that they have lost the former gift, if we are to credit the harrowing and gruesome account Strabo has handed down of the way

the prophetesses performed their divinations. I fear the moderns will draw but little comfort from the statement of Tacitus—if, indeed, they are not fired with envy—that their elder sisters were attentively listened to in the council and their advice followed. Surely they must have been far different from the type of woman known to the Roman poet of the Augustan Age (by the way, an old bachelor) who hit off her character in the ungallant words: "*Varium et mutabile semper femina.*"

After all, however, I cannot but think that the German woman of to-day, though she has lost some of the masculine qualities shared by her sister of yesterday, and has degenerated in point of independence, political rights, and *camaraderie*, has yet developed some virtues that compensate, at least in a measure, for those she has forfeited. She has a charm, a grace, a gentleness, a culture and refinement which her defiant and Amazonian sister of yesterday unquestionably must have lacked; and when she recovers her civil and social equality she will doubtless bear no unfavorable comparison with her cousins in England and America.

EDWIN W. BOWEN.

## VICTOR HUGO'S NOVELS.

### I.

MORE, probably, than any other great prose writer Hugo viewed words as contrivances for the production of effects of color and sound. Novelists there have been who surpassed him in graphic exactitude and colorific touch of pure description—Chateaubriand, for example, and Flaubert. But almost always there was something of a carefully planned and laboriously executed *tour-de-force* in their achievements. They wrote as they did because they willed it, not because they could not help it. With Hugo the case was different; doubtless he picked his terms and balanced his clauses consciously, but his initial conception of things and persons was unfailingly a purely pictorial or musical one, the object before him being first of all a something of sounds or a something of lights, shades, and tints. Less of *tints* in the narrower sense than of light and shade, for the contention would by no means be unwarranted that the images formed on Hugo's retina were either wholly black or wholly white or a combination of black and white streaks. Contrasts of size affected him as forcibly as those of gloom and glare; whatever was not either huge or diminutive easily escaped his attention.

His was paramountly the art of playing with contrasts, or rather with the verbal signs for contrasts—preferably sensuous and palpable contrasts, but also a few of an abstract character. No other novelist uses nearly so frequently such terms as light, shade, grand, little, night, day, dawn, twilight, finite, infinite. He also affected words suggesting limitless extension and vague, vast horror: ocean, universe, eternity, death, the tomb.

His anxiety to obtain graphic results through mere combinations of letters crops out on every page, often in odd and gro-



tesque shapes. The very titles of his novels are examples: "Bug-Jargal;" "Our Lady of Paris" (*Notre Dame de Paris*); "Ninety-Three" (*Quatre-Vingt-Treise*); "Wretches" (*Les Misérables*); "The Man that Laughs" (*L'Homme qui Rit*). There is poster art in these titles; you see them. They linger before memory's eye rather than its ear.

And then the headings of the books into which Hugo's romances are divided, and their chapters: "Night and Morn," "Supreme Shade," "Supreme Dawn," "This Will Kill That," "Face to Face with the Rock," "Face to Face with Night," "The Stone Fraternizing with the Hurricane," "The Cats Examining the Mouse," "Human Storms Fiercer than Oceanic Storms," "From the Stone Door to the Iron Door," "Fleeting Lights," "Vague Lightning at the Horizon," "Between Four Boards," "The Pearl at the Bottom of the Precipice," "The Dungeon," "At Sunrise," "The Massacre of Saint Bartholomew," "Eclipse," "Delirium."

Other headlines startle or caress the ear as much as the eye: *Foi, Loi* ("Faith, Law"), *Buvard Bavard* ("Drunkard Gossip"), *The Jacressarde*. In this class belong the numerous Latin superscriptions: *Abbas Beati Martini; Requiescant; Res Augusta; Sub Re; Sub Umbra; Foliis ac Frondibus; Abyssus Abyssum Vocat; Lex, Rex, Fex.*

In drawing with his pen the lines that combine into such chapter headings as *Nil et Nox, Vis et Vir, Turba Turma*, Hugo reveled as much in their alliterative concord as in the symmetric appearance on white paper of the pairs of black Latin capitals. The two T's in *Turba Turma* pleased his eye in somewhat the same manner as the two towers of *Notre Dame*, and the repeated sound of *Tur* struck him as admirably fitted to suggest that impetuous turbulence of the storm which he was just about to depict in a chapter of "Toilers of the Sea."

Similar idiosyncrasies led him to insert over his chapters so many stunning names of persons and places: *Quasimodo, Holmalo, Barkilphedro, Hardquanonne, Gilliatt, Gild-Holm-'Ur, Dol.*

## II.

Stepping inside, we find that the posters have not lied. The show fulfills their promises. Hugo's earliest stories, "Hans of Iceland" and "Bug-Jargal," are little but collections of monstrosities put in order by an artist's hand. And even his later and superior novels might all with propriety be gathered into one colossal "Book of Wonders," the things recorded in them being such as to make the ancient compiler of a work of that name pale with envy. There is, indeed, something in Hugo of a Phlegon of Tralles. But if the scent of that freedman of Hadrian's for marvels was as keen as Hugo's, the latter possessed in addition a knack of presentation wholly wanting in Phlegon.

It is true that often, very often, Hugo in his text does not get beyond that trick of sheer verbal juxtaposition which he practices so assiduously in his superscriptions. His novels abound in passages, pages, whole chapters, of such meretricious quality. "The Man that Laughs" opens with this:

Ursus and Homo were fast friends. Ursus was a man; Homo, a wolf.<sup>1</sup>

A chapter in "Toilers of the Sea," describing various kinds of winds, closes thus:

We have just said that the wind is the combination of all the winds. This whole horde was coming. On the one hand, this legion; on the other, Giliatt.

That sort of thing may be had for the asking, but there are always enough people to do that asking.

Indicative of the same breathless striving for effect, immediate and at any cost, is the manner in which Hugo embroiders his prose with bits of dialogue in foreign languages, snatches of startling information, reliable or unreliable, picked up in the alleys and back yards of encyclopedic learning. The "Man that Laughs" is particularly disfigured with such excrescences. Though not altogether bereft of traces of genius, it may safely be declared its author's worst novel, but it is so only because it pushes to the utmost extreme

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<sup>1</sup>For the benefit of readers not conversant with the Latin language the information serves that *Ursus* is the Latin term for a bear, *Homo* that for a man.

faults more or less conspicuous in all the others. Read the Spanish dialogue in Book II., Chapter III., beginning:

"Etcheco jalina, ¿quién es este hombre?"

"Un hombre."

"¿Qué lenguas habla?"

"Todas."

"¿Qué cosas sabe?"

"Todas," etc. [I omit fully twice as much.]

**In English:**

"Tiller of the mountain, who is that man?"

"A man."

"What languages does he speak?"

"All."

"What things does he know?"

"All."

Even an exceptionally dull intellect could hardly fail to perceive that here an attempt is made to give the merest balderdash an imposing appearance by clothing it in the garb of a majestic tongue. And elsewhere in the same book Hugo proceeds still farther in the same direction. There is a chapter—the eighteenth of Book II., Part I.—in which the climax of solemn humbug is indeed reached. It is called "The Highest Resource," and narrates the sinking of a wrecked ship with passengers from sundry countries on board. After they have cast into the sea the luggage, the barrels, the bales, chains, shrouds, rigging, everything that could possibly be thrown overboard, somebody says:

"Is there anything else we can throw overboard?"

To which one of the passengers, a doctor, replies:

"Yes."

"What?" is asked.

The doctor answered: "Our crime."

They shuddered, and all cried out: "Amen."

This is bad enough, but worse is to follow. The doctor addresses the passengers, delivering himself of such comforting utterances as:

"The question is how to pass over the unknown precipice, and reach the other bank of life, which is beyond the tomb. Being the one who knows the most, my danger is greater than yours. . . . Knowledge is a weight added to conscience. . . ."

After several wonderful sayings and doings they all recite the Lord's Prayer in this fashion, the doctor beginning:

"Pater noster qui es in coelis."

The Provençal repeated in French: "Notre Père qui êtes aux cieux."

The Irishwoman repeated in Gaelic, which the Basque woman understood: "Ar nathair ata ar neamh."

The doctor continued: "Sanctificetur nomen tuum," etc.

Most people with a taste for peering into books have come across somewhere the Lord's Prayer printed in parallel columns in so and so many languages. It remained for Victor Hugo to demonstrate the possibility of turning such polyglot piety into melodramatic claptrap. It is also "The Man that Laughs" that contains the incomparable treatise on the "Comprachicos," which begins:

Who knows the word "Comprachicos," and who knows its meaning?

Satisfied of the general and lamentable ignorance on this momentous matter, Hugo continues:

The "Comprachicos," or "Comprapequeños," were a hideous and nondescript association of wanderers, famous in the seventeenth century, forgotten in the eighteenth, unheard of in the nineteenth.

Unheard of, that is, by any one but Hugo, who is able to cover many sheets with this precious knowledge of his.

George Brandes has said that the best burlesque on an author is, as a rule, written by that author himself. Hugo proves the assertion. And how gravely and deliberately he accomplishes this task of self-caricaturing!

The Comprachicos [he avers] traded in children. They bought and sold them. . . . And what did they make of these children?

Monsters.

Why monsters?

Just for fun.

There is furthermore a paragraph on such a rarity as Chinese Comprachicos, and this linguistic gem:

The Comprachicos were also called the "Cheylas," a Hindoo word conveying the image of harrying a nest.

A Hindoo word! But there is positively no limit to this man's erudition. Even the elder Lord Lytton would have fared ill in a competition with Hugo for a chair of omniscience. The French poet is a whole university extension

in himself. If it be something to know how to write Comprachicos in Hindoo, it must be held a still greater accomplishment to have by heart those twelve names of devils which Hugo enumerates in "Toilers of the Sea," Book I., Chapter II., or to be able to quote Onkelos, a Chaldaic author strangely neglected by most novelists. Hugo renders him justice. His good Bishop Myriel was, so he says, something of a scholar (*quelque peu savant*), and to be that implies, in Hugo's estimation, familiarity with Onkelos. It is a pity that of the doubtlessly rich treasures stored in this eminent philosopher's tomes Hugo grants us but one glimpse, in the form of a line quoted by Monsignor Myriel:

A wind coming from God blew over the face of the water.

Some slight compensation, however, for this tantalizing reticence anent Onkelos is afforded through the statement on the same page that Victor Hugo himself had a great-grand-uncle who was bishop of Ptolemaïs and published not a few pamphlets signed Barley Court. It cannot reasonably be doubted that such information benefits humanity in general, more particularly those unfortunate classes for whose moral and social improvement "Wretches" was chiefly indited.

Possibly Hugo was a trifle vain of his knowledge of Latin. He certainly delighted in displaying it. Speaking of Quasimodo, he remarks:

"His strength, so extraordinarily developed, was a cause of still greater malevolence; *Malus puer robustus*," says Hobbes.

Aside from the consideration that Hobbes was wrong in making such a general assertion—there being as many good-natured strong fellows as malicious ones, if not more—it is difficult to perceive the necessity for quoting the Englishman at all in a novel that purports to depict Parisian manners in the fifteenth century. Still more laughable is a Latin footnote to the name of Bishop Hugo of Besançon, of whom it is told in the text that he made the cell in which Claude Frollo pursued his gloomy ponderings. The footnote contains just these pithy words:

Hugo II. de Bisancio, 1326-1332.

Even "Wretches" bristles with scraps of Latin.



## III.

And yet, when all is told, there remains the incontrovertible fact that over and over again Hugo proved himself a past master in forcing his readers to see and hear the things that he wished them to see and hear. Only it should be clearly understood what these things were. Chateaubriand, Flaubert, and the Goncourts make their readers behold trees, houses, rivers, and other objects of actual existence, and the vision which they compel is one that could very well have an almost exact counterpart somewhere in nature. These writers describe what they have seen or might have seen, and even when they superadd an amount of lyrical sentiment of their own making this sentiment is not allowed to blur the color or confuse the lines.

But Hugo described best such things as he had never seen and could never have seen with his bodily eye. Not that his memory was not retentive of real, palpable traits—a description like that of Little Picpus in “Wretches” shows that it was—but the impression undeniably produced by the chapters about this famous convent is to a very considerable degree due to their accumulation of historical and technical items concerning conventual life heretofore zealously guarded behind the walls of the cloister or confined within the forbidden covers of Latin ecclesiastical treatises. The author’s avowed and indubitable intention of dealing fairly with the subject raises these chapters high above the level of the greater part of what has been written on topics of this kind—Julien’s seminary life in Stendhal’s “Red and Black,” for instance. And although Hugo should by no manner of means be understood to have penetrated to the core of convent life, nor treated it with that unlimited understanding which proceeds from spontaneous sympathy alone, it is nevertheless certain that his Little Picpus has enough of the air of reality round it to justify the marked attention it has always attracted.

But—and this is the most important point by far—what Hugo attempted with fair success in Little Picpus others have attempted with fully as praiseworthy results. The fac-

ulty that was his to a degree that it was no one else's is not here brought into play. That faculty we have to look for elsewhere, and we come upon one of its manifestations, though not, perhaps, one of the sublimest, in these lines from "Ninety-Three:"

A gun that breaks its moorings [on board ship] becomes suddenly some indescribable supernatural beast. It is a machine transforming itself into a monster. This mass turns upon its wheels with the rapid movements of a billiard ball, rolls with the rolling, pitches with the pitching; goes, comes, pauses, seems to meditate; resumes its course, rushes along the ship from end to end like an arrow, circles about, swings aside, evades, rears, breaks, kills, exterminates.

The purely imaginative character of this alleged reproduction of facts is patent, but its power is scarcely less indisputable. The impetus of the following is, however, still more irresistible:

The peal of the bell was the only speech which he [the deaf bell ringer, Quasimodo] understood, the only sound which broke for him the universal silence. *He swelled out in it as a bird in the sun.* All of a sudden the frenzy of the bell seized upon him; his look became extraordinary; *he lay in wait for the great bell as it passed, as a spider lies in wait for a fly, and flung himself abruptly upon it with might and main.* Then, suspended above the abyss, borne to and fro by the formidable swinging of the bell, he seized the brazen monster by the earlaps, pressed it between both knees, spurred it on with his heels, and redoubled the fury of the peal with the whole shock and weight of his body. Meanwhile the tower trembled, he shrieked and gnashed his teeth, his red hair rose erect, his breast heaved like a bellows, his eye flashed flames, *the monstrous bell neighed panting beneath him*, and then it was no longer the great bell of Notre Dame nor Quasimodo; it was a dream, a whirlwind, a tempest, *dizziness astride of noise*, a spirit clinging to a flying crupper, a strange centaur—half man, half bell—a sort of horrible As-tolphus borne away upon a prodigious hippogriff of living bronze.

The reader will easily recall kindred revelries of a riotous fancy from Hugo's other novels—one such is the cheek-to-jowl fight between the octopus and Gilliatt in "Toilers of the Sea." From the moment that "something, thin, rough, flat, slimy, sticky, and living," winds itself round Gilliatt's bare arm in the dark the reader is constrained to hasten along at breakneck speed, whether it pleases him or not. Meanwhile Hugo remains his own provoking self. Even in the sea monster's den with his hero clasped in those live thongs whose countless lips are fastened to his flesh, seeking

to suck his blood, even here he spares us neither "Denis Montfort, one of those observers whose strong gift of intuition causes them to descend or to ascend even to magic," nor "Bonnet of Geneva, that mysterious, exact mind who was opposed to Buffon as Geoffroy Saint Hilaire was to Cuvier," nor "a piece of Chinese silk stolen during the last war from the palace of the emperor of China, and representing a shark devouring a crocodile which is devouring a serpent," etc. He drags us through innumerable paragraphs of such sham erudition and sham philosophy before he allows us more of the octopus, but we are willing to endure both Bonnet's mysterious, exact mind, Denis Montfort's gift of intuition, and the emperor of China's embroidered silk, so that we may at last get that more.

And it is the same whenever Hugo bestrides that strange Pegasus of his which he must have purloined from some nightmares' stable. He is never more royally at ease than when, starting from a point that might still be in some possible realm, he lashes himself on with his own frantic words, abandons the ordinary gait of prose narrative, rushes on in wild, uneven leaps, and finally launches into space, leaving deep beneath him all solid ground, all sense and reason.

#### IV.

It constituted Hugo's strength that in an age when to most people—particularly such as write—things had become words, to him words remained things; things affecting his sight, hearing, smell, taste, every one of his senses. The sound of the syllable "cold" causes him to shiver, at the word "night" his heart quakes within him as it does in a child unexpectedly let into a dark room. When coming to relate that little Cosette is obliged to go to the woods after water, late in the evening, he is seized with dizziness.

Darkness [he exclaims] makes you giddy. Man needs brightness. Who-soever becomes engulfed in the reverse of daylight feels his heart sink. When the eye sees black the spirit sees confusion. . . . No one walks alone in the nighttime through a forest without trembling.

In the midst of the deluge of abstract speculation that has

worked such irreparable havoc in nineteenth century literature and art this man remained totally incapable of pure reasoning, and averse to the use of abstractions except such as he could, as it were, make sing and glitter and roar. Even after he had made up his mind to be a philosopher and humanitarian his philosophy and humanitarianism were nothing but collocations of images. After having, for a while, amused himself by surrounding tiny white specks with oceans of black, or emphasizing the bulk of a giant by giving him a midget for a companion, he fell to pondering over what would be the result if the black submerged the white entirely, or the giant trampled on the dwarf. And the thought saddened him, forced tears from his eyes, impelled him to plead for the little white speck and the pitiable midget.

But this sentimental view of his art did not affect his artistic methods. It did not start him on a patient and thorough inquiry into human nature. He only henceforth pinned a label on the coat of his giant, informing the spectators that this was a wicked man engaged in wicked business.

In "Bug-Jargal," which was written when his sole aspirations were to bewilder and dazzle, he had placed a heroic negro in an attitude of love-stricken adoration at the feet of a frail lily of a white maiden, apparently satisfied to bring out the antithesis of color. Some years later he planted a priest with a livid, convulsed face opposite a gypsy girl of radiant beauty, turned his eyes upon her in devouring desire, and claimed to have demonstrated the absurdity of clerical celibacy. He sketched an ex-convict leading a little girl by the hand, with a scowling detective on their track, and felt satisfied that this picture doomed the entire social order. He threw a sailor into the arms of an octopus, whispered in the hollow voice of a prophet, "Mystery becomes concrete in monsters," and immediately proceeded to descant, through a stream of grandiose and droll metaphors, on conscience, hell, the final cause, the Creator.

But a faculty for abstract reasoning, though not, if properly controlled, injurious to a novelist, is by no means indis-

pensable. Hugo managed to get along very well without it, precisely because the instincts of a painter and stage manager had so strong a hold on him. He always knew where and when to relieve the monotony of a sermon by treating his audience to a picture exhibition. Farther than that, however, he was unable to go. He never rose to the creation of live men and women. He nowhere even came near it. In all his novels we recognize shadows of other men's offspring. Hans of Iceland, who roars like a lion and drinks blood out of his son's skull, the loathsome dwarf Habibrah, Quasimodo, Claude Frollo, Gwynplaine, we have come upon these grim monstrous forms somewhere else, in the fiction of Ann Radcliffe, Hoffmann, Maturin, "Monk" Lewis. Some of the secondary characters in "Hans of Iceland" and "Our Lady of Paris" are reminiscences from Walter Scott. Esmeralda is Goethe's Mignon plus a goat; Jean Valjean, Sue's Chourineur plus Hugo's vocabulary. Fleur de Marie had been abused by the Owl, little Nell had suffered untold agony in repellent surroundings long before the stupid mother of Little Cosette thrust her into the den of the Thénardiens. The influence not only of Sue and Dickens, but of other contemporary novelists, is very evident in Hugo's later productions, "Wretches" in particular. Bishop Myriel possesses hardly a modicum of commendable originality to those acquainted with Balzac's Father Bonnet. Even such a figure as Thénardier, the vulgar inn-keeper who quotes Voltaire and has pretensions to free-thinking and materialism, seems an anæmic repetition of Balzac's vile middle class specimens or Flaubert's Homais. The Duchess Josiana, in "The Man that Laughs," is but one of those legion of beautiful, aristocratic she-demons begotten by Goethe's Adelheid.

Still, Esmeralda, Quasimodo, and Jean Valjean have at least some vague semblance of life. It is when Hugo tries character drawing without the guidance of borrowed patterns that his failure becomes hopelessly obvious. What he would pass off as portraits are nothing more than arrangements in color, or rattling strings of sonorous antitheses. Co-



sette's whole person, for example, was "*naïveté*, ingenuity, transparency, whiteness, candor, a ray [*rayon*]. One might have said of Cosette that she was *clear*." Cosette was "a condensation of the light of dawn in woman's form." The detective Javert in the same novel was

composed of two sentiments, very simple and relatively very good, but made all but evil by his exaggeration of them—respect for authority and hatred of revolt. . . . He was absolute and allowed no exceptions. On one hand he said, "A public official can never make a mistake, the magistrate is never wrong;" on the other, "These people [who had once broken the law] are irredeemably lost. Nothing good may ever come from them. . . . He was stoical, severely austere; a sad dreamer, humble and haughty as fanatics are. His glance was a gimlet, cold and piercing. His whole life might be comprised in these two words: wake and watch. He had introduced the straight line into the most tortuous circumstances of life.

In this latter achievement, it should be observed, Javert had but imitated his literary lord and master, Victor Hugo. Hugo's personages are all constructed of a few lines running either straight hellward or straight heavenward. By way of diversity, he here and there conceals a noble soul behind a hideous mask, or clothes a hideous soul in a noble form. Whereupon he draws back in admiring contemplation of his own work, and emits much high-sounding gush, as when he calls Josiana "a virgin stained with every defilement in its visionary stage. . . . A possible Astarte in an actual Diana."

The speech of these beings, the dialogue which is banded between them, is of a kind with their make-up. Like the Egyptian priests of old who vaticinated to the faithful through the open mouth of the deity's hollow statue, thereby saving the deity much trouble, Hugo is so merciful to the people whom he parades across his pages as to do all their talking for them.

When the former galley slave, Jean Valjean, sees the impending collapse of the noble structure of honesty and social respectability which he has slowly and laboriously reared for himself under an assumed name, does he then hurl at the court and the people in the courtroom a few simple, manly, passionate words, the cry of an upright, unfortunate, out-

raged soul? Far from it. From between his lips Hugo declaims in his name:

It is true what has been told you that Jean Valjean was a very wicked and unfortunate man. But perhaps it was not all his fault. . . . The jail makes the jail bird. Remember this, if you please. Before the bagnio I was a poor unintelligent peasant, some sort of idiot; the bagnio changed me. I had been stupid, I became wicked; I had been fuel, I became flame.

In "Ninety-Three" Marat, Robespierre, and Danton are heard berating one another most impressively:

"Fine as thou art," cries Marat to Robespierre, "thou wilt be dragged at the tails of four horses."

"Echo of Coblenz," hisses Robespierre between his teeth.

"I am the echo of nothing; I am the cry of the whole, Robespierre. You are young, indeed! How old art thou, Danton? Thirty-four! How many are your years, Robespierre? Thirty-three! Well, I—I have lived always. I am the old human suffering, I have lived six thousand years."

"That is true!" retorts Danton. "For six thousand years Cain has been preserved in hatred, as the toad in the rock. The rock breaks, Cain springs out among men and is called Marat."

"Thus," says Hugo, "did these three terrible men converse;" and he adds, "They were conflicting thunderbolts."

It is self-evident that such conflicting thunderbolts, such condensations of the light of dawn, such possible Astartes in actual Dianas could not be expected to move and act according to the rules that govern the lives of humdrum mortals. Hugo's world is one with all the laws of physical and moral gravitation suspended. To be sure, the plots of his novels are managed with a sort of skill, caught from Eugène Sue and Paul Féval, and not at all showing any improvement on these authors, but still effective enough to hold the attention of such readers as would tire of getting the pictures and diatribes served with no connecting thread whatsoever. Of all literary tricks, that of constructing a plot replete with suspense and surprise is the one most easily learned. It is, indeed, questionable whether it should at all be called a *literary* trick, considering its purely mechanical character.

Hugo's personages, being wholly devoid of innate individuality, yield to the requirements of his plots as readily as marionettes to the touch of their manipulator's fingers. A

man as wise and experienced as the seventy-five-year-old Bishop Myriel in the beginning of "Wretches" is said to be could not avoid long ago forming a well-grounded conviction regarding the main issues of the French revolution, and yet a volley of phrases fired at him by a dying ex-member of the convent transforms his views entirely and forces him down on his knees to beg the old radical for his blessing. Nothing is less probable than that Jean Valjean, on being caught with the Bishop's plate, should think of pretending that it had been given him as a present by that ecclesiastic. But Hugo needed this improbability (or rather impossibility) for the climax, where the Bishop saves Jean by corroborating his statement. The unlikelihood of Fantine's leaving her adored baby with those human monsters, the Thénardiens, is painfully glaring, but Hugo was bound to procure material for the affecting tableau of an innocent child in the lair of wild beasts. According to all laws of anatomy and philosophy Quasimodo, with not one limb straight nor one joint in its right place, should be as weak as a reed. Hugo makes him as brawny as seven Samsons; because otherwise somebody else would have to rescue Esmeralda and repulse the attack of the mob on the cathedral, and thus would be missed the fine effect of the stupendous hunchback seizing the lovely girl as a child would her doll, and carrying her into the church "suspended from his horny hands like a white drapery."

Doubtless Hugo would have deemed ten times as many absurdities a low price for such a scene, and who would have the heart to blame him? For it is truly a fine scene. More willingly might one dispense with the author's comments on the event, part of which is thus worded:

It was touching to behold this protection which had fallen from a being so hideous upon one so unhappy. . . . They were two extremes of natural and social wretchedness, coming into contact and aiding each other.

But this is infinitely characteristic of Hugo, as the reader will readily perceive. And so is Quasimodo's declaration of love, with its jingling metaphors:

You, you are a ray of sunshine, a drop of dew, the song of a bird [re-

member it is a deaf, semiidiotic man that talks]. I am something frightful, neither man nor animal! Something harder, more downtrodden, and more shapeless than a pebble stone!

If you at all have a desire for this fiction, you must take it for what it is—a mixture of good and bad in nearly even proportion, sublimity garnished with fustian, rant clinging to the hem of pathos, as the shadow to the heels of a man.

## V.

Victor Hugo's novels have counted their admirers by the hundreds of thousands. The geographical distribution of these worshipers would, by the way, give race theory devotees some nuts to crack. In France Hugo was long the idol of the masses, but sober judges of literature, while never failing to render due homage to his sublime lyrical genius, rated his fiction not very high. Brunetière and Zola, who differ in practically everything else, are at one on this point. In America and England the fame of these tales, even with professional critics, has, generally speaking, risen higher than in the author's own country. Not long ago the astounding declaration was made in print by a professed Dickens admirer that, all things considered, Hugo was a greater novelist than Dickens. Hugo, with not a spark of humor, not one original character creation, not even a single deathless caricature to his credit, superior to the father of Pecksniff and Chadband!

In Germany and the northern countries, where they do more and better translating of foreign literature than anywhere else, "Our Lady of Paris" is the only one of Hugo's novels that is widely known and appreciated.

It appears, then, that this writer, whose most salient characteristic as a novelist was his brilliant manipulation of those large, sonorous words of which Frenchmen are said to be immoderately fond, met nowhere with such hearty and enduring sympathy as among English-speaking men and women.

However this may be, the causes for Hugo's popularity, such as it is, are not far to seek. He threw upon vast canvases a series of pictures in which prodigious forms, human

and superhuman, were grouped with an unsurpassed insight into this department of stage craft. Thus the multitudes were attracted. They were held and filled with enthusiasm by the legends under the pictures, and the explanatory text stringing them together. This text, these legends, contain naught beyond a constant repetition of some truths to which everybody would willingly subscribe, and some platitudes which, in spite of their staleness, may still be counted on to amuse and charm big crowds. When Hugo preaches love of children, kindness to the oppressed, patience with evil doers, he says nothing that has not been uttered before and is uttered every day throughout the world in this nineteenth century. But he says it in such ringing phrases as but the very few have at their command. His elephantine joking also has its audiences.

"At St. Petersburg," he tells in "The Man that Laughs," "scarcely a hundred years ago, whenever the Czar or Czarina was displeased with a Russian nobleman, he was forced to squat down in the great antechamber of the palace, . . . clucking like a setting hen, and picking his food from the floor. These fashions have passed away, but not, perhaps, so much as one might imagine. Nowadays courtiers slightly modify their intonation in clucking to their masters. More than one picks up from the ground—we shall not say from the mud—what he eats."

When Hugo proffers such hints of his idea of wit and satire—and he does so quite often—ever so many people at once recognize it as precisely their idea of the same things, and chuckle with delight at these tremendous sallies.

This is the sense in which Hugo might be called a modern spirit. He felt exactly as the larger portion of his contemporaries did, or as they fancied they ought to feel, and he expressed his feelings better, to be sure, than they could ever dream of doing, yet never so far better as to become hard of comprehension. In no other respect was there anything essentially modern in his mental composition. The nineteenth century is over and over again spoken of as the age of exact science, but there never lived a man who cared less for exact science, or comprehended more imperfectly what the term meant, than Hugo. His knowledge was the encyclopedic hodgepodge of a second-rate mediæval bookman.



What he palms off as information regarding facts is as inaccurate as it is bombastic. Trying to impress on his readers the broadness of his religious sympathies, he makes the statement that in the synagogue, in the mosque, in the pagoda, in the *wigwam* (!), there is a hideous side which we detest, and a sublime side which we adore ("Wretches," II., book 7, 1). Wigwam in his imagination signifies an Indian place of worship!

The comparison to a mediæval bookman should not be taken as implying that Hugo possessed any of the dialectical acumen of the great scholastics. It is his childish, unsystematic curiosity, and equally infantile boasting with the smatterings which that curiosity has compiled, that recall strikingly the ways of certain monastic chroniclers.

Now it cannot be too often repeated that nineteenth century criticism and nineteenth century taste in general have been far too prone to overrate the quasi-poetical, quasi-scientific performances of mediocre individuals with a veneer of science and an inkling of poetry, and in comparison undervalue the production of the poet pure and simple. Hugo's great success proves that, after all, a man who with pen and ink creates sentiment, color, light, shade, thunder and lightning, may still count on as much appreciation as he that suspends scrolls with phrases from Comte or Spencer from the lips of paper dolls. There have, however, been writers who united a truly scientific view of life with the poet's power of reproducing that life between the covers of a volume. These writers—men like Goethe and Balzac—breathed and worked in altitudes the very existence of which Hugo never realized. The truth is, manifestations of scientific spirit inspired him with apprehension and distrust. He shared fully in the popular prejudice that a man must be heartless to investigate a case of sickness or other calamity coolly and deliberately, instead of sitting down to weep over it. One is not surprised to find him repeat, in his own jargon, the silliest of all the silly stuff that has been printed about Goethe's heartlessness. Goethe, he says ("Wretches," v. 1-16), belonged to "a family of spirits at once great and little. . . . These

thinkers forget to love. The contemplation of the zodiac absorbs them to such a degree that they fail to see the crying child."

The fact that one of Hugo's poems contains some unintelligent sneers at that theory of evolution which Balzac and Goethe anticipated would of itself count for little. It is far graver that all his novels reveal his conception of existence as a very one-sided and, in important respects, superficial one. As the years accumulate on the backs of these books, and accordingly their appeal to contemporary sentiment grows less potent, their hollowness will hardly fail more and more to betray itself. It must be declared doubtful whether then the virtues which they possess will save them from burial in oblivion.

The presence of these virtues should, however, readily be acknowledged. Hugo's extreme sensitiveness, of which mention has already been made, and his rare ability for seizing on the words fitted to express the shocks he suffered through this sensitiveness, his lyrical gift, in other words, which made him one of the greatest singers of all ages, did not altogether forsake him when he delivered himself in prose, although it is certain that his most enduring honors were won by his verse. But the lyrical flow throughout his romances at times roars so majestically, and again hums and murmurs in such insinuating notes that even a reader habitually cool forgets a good many of his objections to the forms and faces here and there reflected in the waves.

Moreover, Hugo was one of the first writers of fiction to reveal a perception of the artistic possibilities inherent in the preservation of the unity of place or, rather, of atmosphere, in a novel. Goethe had divined it before him, as his ingenious experiment in "The Elective Affinities" proves. But what he attempted by intertwining the fate of his two loving couples with the progress of the improvement of the grounds, Hugo accomplished in far more effective fashion by projecting his mediæval silhouettes on the background of the Gothic pile of "Our Lady of Paris." There is still something forced and artificial about this wedding of people with

places; the dainty dancing girl, Esmeralda, is in nowise Gothic, nor even mediæval. And the chapters dealing with the history and architecture of the cathedral are much too long and rambling. Nevertheless, what Hugo here did was something very extraordinary, very admirable, and it is characteristic of Edgar Poe's scent for just that kind of artistic devices that he brought it in for particular praise when reviewing Dickens' "Barnaby Rudge."

Subsequent novelists have taken the hint from Hugo. Zola's gin mill in "L'Assommoir" is a direct, though perhaps not at once recognizable, descendant of Hugo's cathedral, and Thomas Hardy would scarcely have made the use he does of Christminster in "Jude the Obscure," had "Our Lady of Paris" never been written.

And here I have pointed out the heirloom which has come down from the novelist Hugo to his younger fellow-craftsmen. His prose tales have left few other traces in the fiction of his century. Probably Fantine had something to do with the making of Lukeria in Dostojevsky's "Crime and Punishment," and without a doubt there are echoes of Hugo's rhetoric reverberating in that book and others of the Russian; but for the most part Hugo's romances have remained and must ever remain sterile, like all hybrids. Hybrids they are, a mongrel breed of lyricism, oratory, and the wildest fairy lore.

But that this singer, this orator, this myth maker should have felt himself constrained to compose novels demonstrates, perhaps better than any other one fact, how completely prose fiction has carried everything before it in the past century's literary evolution ever since that *genre* grew big and strong under the nursing hands of a Goethe, a Scott, and a Balzac. And true as it is that Hugo's romances are a mongrel breed—to be wholly just, this statement calls for the qualification that these hybrids bear the unmistakable mark of having been conjured into existence by the compelling will of a master—a poet.

JOAKIM REINHARD.

### A PAIR OF CANADIAN POETS.<sup>1</sup>

Two slender little books of verse by Messrs. Roberts and Carman, printed and bound in the same manner, seem to force comparison of the merits of their respective authors, so evidently are they designed as companion volumes.

In the first place, then, and most conspicuously, these are rural poets condemned to live in cities, the first in New York, the other in Boston—"the city of the golden dome under the gray Atlantic skies." Both are "city-wearied men," weary of the city's fume, stress, clamor, grime, and roar. Mr. Roberts, by means of a striking figure, sets before us a picture of night in a New York street:

The street is a grim cañon carved  
In the eternal stone,  
That knows no more the rushing stream  
It anciently has known.

The emptying tide of life has drained  
The iron channel dry.  
Strange winds from the forgotten day  
Draw down, and dream, and sigh.

Mr. Carman gives us an impression of Boston in the following suggestive stanza:

The wintry city's granite heart  
Beats on in iron mockery,  
And like the roaming mountain rains,  
I hear the thresh of feet go by.

"Iron!" The adjective well conveys our poets' sentiment regarding town life. It might be characterized as rather feminine than masculine. And superficially that life does seem utilitarian, mechanical; all the more need, therefore, to bring out its inherent poetry. For great cities are slumbering volcanoes of passion; they are instinct with dramatic

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<sup>1</sup> "New York Nocturnes and Other Poems." By Charles G. D. Roberts. Pp. 84. "By the Aurelian Wall and Other Elegies." By Bliss Carman. Pp. 132. Boston: Lamson, Wolfe & Company. 1898.

poetry, but that fountain is sealed to the lyrists under discussion. They long for the country and the forest—not so much for Nature in her more majestic aspects of mountain and ocean, as for the woods, streams, and winds of Canada. And still we wait with desire the time when our gigantic modern communities shall find a tongue.

The ground tone of both poets (as the Germans would express it) is elegiac; it is grave but not sad—not to say pessimistic; and it is by no means irreligious, but, in the case of the first mentioned, decidedly religious. Their verse is exceedingly easy and fluent; they are fond of the measure known in hymnody as “common metre,” with only one rhyme in a quatrain. Examples of it have just been given. It really seems, considering the fact that they have no Orphic message to deliver as best they can, as if they might pay a little more attention to poetic art—to the harmonies of rhyme and metre. To conclude these resemblances with one little point: they both show fondness for the unusual word “plangent.”

Mr. Roberts inclines to an occasional anapæst as a variant among iambic lines:

Not in the palpable dark of woods.  
I knew the place was a narrow room.

In the first of these the adjective has to be pronounced “palp’ble”—a practically impossible slur—and in the second the indefinite article must be dropped to bring out the scansion; whereas there is no objection to the following example, but positive approval of it, for the permissible slur therein enriches the verse:

Amid the voyaging companies.

The ruling idea of his “Nocturnes” is the perfectly true but not original one that there is no solitude like that the sense of which one experiences in a crowd, or in an intensified degree in a deserted street. His lines “At the Railway Station” reveal the human sentiment, raised to a high power, that moves the machinery of modern life. He finds a refuge from the dreariness and weariness of business and the street in love,



in "the sanctuary of love's arms"—and, we may presume, in the thought of a holiday:

When the nut-fed chipmunks romp  
Through the maples' crimson pomp,  
And the slim viburnum flushes  
In the darkness of the swamp.

The above is one of a welcome series of vignettes of the autumnal Canadian forest, through which stalks a Thoreau-like figure, "The Solitary Woodsman," who gives title to the piece, and who might be a symbol of the poet himself. Mr. Roberts is a verbal landscape artist of the mood of William Collins, and some of his pictures remind one of Corot: the stillness of evening, and pale light shed over a landscape steeped in tranquillity. He is possessed by a sense of the mystery of life, and is hopeful of an ultimate solution of its solemn problems. He terminates his work with an "Ascription" to Him

The motion of whose ordered thought  
An instant universe hath wrought.

This is a fine and deep couplet—but to the present reviewer the gem of the collection seems to be the little piece called "Life and Art: "

Said Life to Art: "I love thee best  
Not when I find in thee  
My very face and form, expressed  
With dull fidelity;  
But when in thee my craving eyes  
Behold continually  
The mystery of my memories  
And all I long to be."

If Mr. Roberts is the more thoughtful of the two, graver, deeper, and clearer, Mr. Carman appears to us to have more of the poetical temperament, to be more imaginatively suggestive. His is a roving genius; favorite terms with him are *quest* and *trail*; his book ends with the words "the endless trail." The ensuing phrases may serve to convey something of the elusive charm that haunts his verse: "the calling vales;" "the thresh of feet;" "the spacious, melting

dark;" "the strong, red, journeying sun;" "the large, sweet night;" "where the long winds stream."

Now the pale summer lingers near,  
And talks to me  
Of all her wayward journeyings,  
And the old, sweet, forgotten things  
She loved and lost and dreamed of here  
By the blue sea.

There is a strange beauty about certain of these wordings—a visionary quality that wakes the imagination, suggestions vague or vivid, faint impressions, as of something seen or heard in dreams. This is what we value most in Mr. Carman; but in his desire to produce these impressions, to be freshly and vividly descriptive, he experiments too frequently and daringly with novel terms of speech. There is no such word as "skreel," (p. 93), but this may be a misprint; nor is there such a noun as "quench," ("this quench of clay," p. 53), or such a verb as to "far" ("whether God nears or fars," p. 105). He indulges in colloquial terms such as "lazes" and "streel" (for *trail*), and in provincialisms like "swales" (wet land), "keening" (mourning), and "feckless" (spiritless). His use of the rare word "plangent" (p. 49) has already been noted, and we find nothing to object to in the word "rote" ("the hoarse rote of the sea"), so phonetically and onomatopoetically does it express the retreating roar of waves on a pebbly beach; but we do not like the participle "crumbling" as applied to the sea.

His subjects are elegiac, being threnodies for dead men, mostly poets. We have a dactylic experiment on Phillips Brooks, which is a marvel of harsh sound, and strikes one as devoid of genuine inspiration—as written to order; a dirge for Henry George; and verses in memory of Lovelace, Blake, Keats, Shelley, Stephenson, and Verlaine. Indeed, by his elegiac strain, the critical vein that crops out here and there in his poems, and his passion for nature, Mr. Carman reminds us of Arnold, or, better, of Arnold's shadow, Mr. William Watson. It is here that we place him in contemporary poetry. He has Arnold's impatience with the Philistines:

I must sit and hear the babble  
Of the worldling and the fool,  
Prating know-alls and reformers  
Busy to improve on man,  
With their chatter about God.

Ah, no doubt this dear good people  
On familiar terms with God,  
Could devise a parish steeple  
Built to heaven without a hod.

"There is no other way to redeem the world," he avers,  
"than the way of the rebels and saints." He betrays a  
sympathy for those who dare to make desire a duty, and con-  
cludes that

Love is the only creed,  
And honor the only law.

He lacks Mr. Watson's incisiveness, but, for compensa-  
tion, is free from his melancholy pessimism; for he sings:

The husk of life is sorrow;  
But the kernels of joy remain,  
Teeming and blind and eternal  
As the hill wind or the rain.

The influence of the gentle spirit of Longfellow is ap-  
parent both in the matter and manner of this stanza, and the  
resemblance is borne out by another:

Alone in the dusk he sings,  
And the joy of another day  
Is folded in peace and borne  
On the drift of years away.

Finally, the landscape that lingers upon the mental retina  
after finishing his poems is not unlike Mr. Roberts': a large  
red sun sinking behind wooded hills, a twittering bird note  
in the still air, a meditative evening calm.

GREENOUGH WHITE.

## AWAKENED CHINA.<sup>1</sup>

ASIA has ever excited the curiosity and ambition of mankind. At once the cradle of the human race and the treasury of riches whose enormous proportions are proverbial, this continent is the last to be exploited by the pushing, alert States of the West. Perhaps if the bold voyagers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries had not stumbled upon the New World in their efforts to discover a shorter route to the East, the tide of European migration would have long ago been diverted in the direction toward which the eyes of every thoughtful statesman of the world are at this very moment turned. Be that as it may, that part of the world which first saw not only the human race, but also the faint glimmerings of intellectual and religious life, will for many years to come be the theater of world-wide historical events. That those events, moreover, are bound to affect most profoundly the destiny of mankind is too obvious for comment. And they will do this quite as much by recalling the past as by a direct appeal to the potent influences of present commercial and political ambitions.

Now of all Asia, China is for many reasons the land of promise to every Western power, whether the activities of that power in external affairs be prompted by ideas of territorial aggrandizement merely or by the more material aims born of modern industrial conditions. Of vast territorial extent and with a population which may be roughly stated to be five times that of the United States, China has immense latent potentialities. Its people are civilized. Its mineral resources are limitless, and only require wealth and intelligent direction to make them yield enough to supply the wants of the whole world. Add to these advantages an extensive coast, mighty rivers, and a most varied climate, and some

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<sup>1</sup> "China in Transformation." By Archibald Colquhoun. 8vo., 397 pages. Harper & Brothers, New York and London, 1898.

clue may be found to the present attention China is receiving. Not that the country has been but recently discovered. The world has never lost sight of it. Was it not known to the nations of classical antiquity? Was it not the theme of every traveler of the Middle Ages who set out for Cathay? And long after Marco Polo had fired the imagination of every European by his descriptions of a people who were so unlike the Westerners, were not the rulers and subjects of Christendom ready to believe anything told them of the fabulous riches and marvelous enlightenment of that strange and happy race who lived far across the seas? Century succeeded century, however, and "the Middle Kingdom," ruled by the "Son of Heaven," was practically unknown to the Occident; for, notwithstanding the occasional visits of explorers and the prolonged residence of missionaries, little serious attention was paid the possibilities of the country. Even after the Anglo-Franco war against China, nearly half a century ago, the Western powers gained few advantages further than the opening of some ports to commerce and the right of sending ambassadors to Peking. Meantime the acquisition of Hongkong by Great Britain, the commencement of Chinese immigration to America and other regions, and the augmenting influence of the Mongolian trade helped to whet curiosity respecting a country whose population seemed capable of doing almost anything at all. Subsequently French aggressions in Tonquin, almost twenty years ago, intensified the latent interest in China; but the smoldering flax burst into flames when by the treaty of Shimonoseki, in 1895, this huge empire lay at the feet of plucky little Japan. In the short war which this peace concluded, China's weakness was revealed to an astounded world, and every one foresaw its speedy collapse. Russia, France, and Germany saw their opportunity and immediately seized it. Japan was informed that her demands must be modified, that she must not retain possession of any part of the mainland, and that China's friends would see fair play. Hence the Japanese forces reluctantly withdrew and the world was not kept long in darkness.



It is well to bear in mind the fact that, in the exploitation of China, Russia and France betray a policy altogether different from that of either Great Britain or Germany. France and Russia are bent on territorial aggrandizement and political power rather than on that commercial development which sways the somewhat occult diplomacy of Germany and Great Britain. Russia, through consummate skill in management, has peacefully acquired paramount influence in China. The Tsar's magic name is all-powerful in the capital of the Flowery Kingdom. Curiously enough, indeed, Russia barely waited for the withdrawal of the victorious army of Japan—robbed of the substantial fruits of its triumph—before she pounced upon Port Arthur and the adjacent peninsula. Her pretext was an outlet on the Pacific free from ice. Russia, be it remembered, had known how to draw upon the financial resources of France during the peace negotiations between Japan and China. The latter's reward of this friendship came quickly in the form of momentous commercial, industrial, and mining privileges to Russia, including a right of way for the great trans-Siberian railroad, now building. Not only has Russia secured Port Arthur for ninety-nine years; but the Russo-Chinese treaty, recently brought to light, shows the earmarks of that adept Muscovite diplomat, Count Cassini, now Russian ambassador to Washington. By the elastic articles of this celebrated convention, the Tsar obtained overshadowing rights throughout Northern China. And now the mask that has hitherto concealed the real terminus of the Siberian railway has been cast aside. Instead of being headed for Vladivostok, as Russian engineering maps have hitherto informed us, it is already on its way across Manchuria and pointed in the direction of a far better-known place than Vladivostok. No less important is the fact that the fate of Manchuria, with its teeming population and rare material resources, will be that of more than one region of Asia which first became a Cossack camp and ended as a Russian province. Feeble China may squirm, but what can she do? Is not the Russian paw firmly planted on her sacred soil? And did

not that same paw drive out the Japanese and put upon a skeptical market the bonds by which the war debt was paid?

Now if Manchuria were a barren wilderness peopled by nomadic barbarians, the outside world would feel little interest in its ultimate fate. But Manchuria is not a wilderness, nor are its inhabitants barbarians unmindful of the value of foreign trade. With a climate which is said closely to resemble that of Canada and blessed with a soil which travelers tell us is well adapted to farming purposes, Manchuria has one of the most industrious populations on earth. Her vast forests, her undeveloped mines, and her industrial prospects generally, unite in making the region a most promising one. It is also to be borne in mind that it was from Manchuria that the Manchu-Tartars in the seventeenth century came to the aid of Tsung-Ching, the last sovereign of the Ming dynasty. Many will recall the story. Hard pressed by a rebel army, the emperor, in his hour of need, made the fatal mistake of summoning foreign aid; for the Manchurians, like the Anglo-Saxons, remained in the land to which they had been called, and became its masters. Seizing Peking, they raised to the imperial throne a son of the Manchu ruler; and although a period of confusion was the sequel to this act of usurpation, the fitful resistance of the Chinese grew ever weaker and weaker. So the shaved head and pigtail, badges of Tartar sovereignty, became permanent features in the life of the people; and in spite of countless rebellions the Manchu dynasty has ever since maintained its supremacy in China. For historic reasons, therefore, Russian absorption of Manchuria seems to point to a yet greater prestige for her in China, and the extension across Manchuria of the wonderful Russian transcontinental railway will surely give rise to fresh dangers not only to China but to the peace of the world.

As is well known, this road is one of the marvels of the age. Its near completion has precipitated not a few of the burning questions of the far East. Its length will be more than twice that of any of our vaunted Pacific lines, and its cost will of course run into the hundreds of millions. Hence its comple-

tion in the near future will represent not only one of the greatest triumphs of engineering skill; but its social, political, and economic effects will approach those produced by the discovery of America. One striking military feature of this road is the fact that Russia will soon be able to transport, during a considerable portion of the year, both troops and war material to the Pacific. At present the ice-covered regions of the north render such a mobilization of the army well-nigh impossible; but by means of the magnificently equipped road which is now being constructed, Russia will be able to hurry her troops to the far East on a grand trunk line every mile of whose track will be virtually on Russian territory. But this grand march to the sea is not the result of a sudden inspiration of genius, for back of it lies a past which has its full share of interest and importance. Mr. Clarence Cary, of the New York bar, who recently visited China, has written these words in regard to this great project: "A powerful, homogeneous people like the Russians, numbering many millions, and imbued with modern aims and ideas, cannot be forever restrained by political barriers, however skillfully contrived; and it has ever seen steadfastly in the East and on the far Pacific a star of destiny and promise. Finding, therefore, the expected outlet by way of Constantinople hopelessly lost at the end of the hard-fought war of 1877-78 with Turkey, because of the diplomatic complications of the Berlin conference, Russia looked again to the East." Here the Fates smiled on the Tsar, and a series of triumphs have brought the Russian arms to the frontiers of the Anglo-Indian empire's buffer-state of Afghanistan. By this move Russia will probably be able to checkmate her old antagonist, England. Russia holds England responsible for many a cruel disappointment. Then again, the Japanese-Chinese war, as we have seen above, came just in time for the great power of the North to reap the advantages which should have accrued to Japan. By seizing Port Arthur and wresting numerous valuable concessions from terror-stricken China, Russia has not only added greatly to her strength, but has also increased her prestige throughout the East.

Of Germany's designs upon China the world is not ignorant. Several years ago the *Berliner Neuste Nachrichten*. Prince Bismarck's organ, is said to have employed these significant words: "The German empire must be either a world empire or a second-class power. But to assert itself a world empire it must resolutely act upon this fundamental principle, that no further distribution of territory among European powers can be allowed to take place anywhere without such compensation to Germany as shall maintain the existing balance of power." Then went up the cry from one end of the country to the other that Germany was tired of witnessing the spectacle of the other powers dividing among themselves the earth and leaving to Germany the sky. The policy thus foreshadowed indicated that the fatherland, in spite of the rather barren experiments in Africa, had realized that the day for expanding was at hand and that the imperial idea was to dominate the future foreign policy of the emperor. That the commercial classes, moreover, were in thorough accord with the ideas of the military and political authorities becomes apparent enough when we take into consideration the clamor that went up from the various guilds and other trade organizations from one end of the land to the other. The refrain of that great chorus was: "Germany should not lose the opportunity for adding to her own territory; and unless she acts promptly, the Eastern trade will be lost to her." Meantime influences were at work which no earthly sovereign could counteract, and they were destined to strengthen the Kaiser's hand sufficiently to enable him to win the game. It seems that a little more than a year ago two German Roman Catholic missionaries were murdered in Shantung. Coming soon after an insult to the German flag, the German squadron under Admiral von Diedrichs proceeded in the direction of the scene of the outrage and seized Kiaochau. There was a general outcry, of course; but Emperor William is not only pious but he is also brave, and the more he reflected on the wickedness of the Chinese the heavier became his demands. Indeed, if the process of absorption continues—and there is every reason for believing

that it will continue—Germany will soon become owner of the entire rich province of Shantung, with a population almost equal to that of Germany itself. Already Germany has secured important trade and railway concessions, and, in spite of her denials, her sphere of influence is ever widening. She has also secured Kiao-Chau Bay for ninety-nine years, and furthermore won from China an agreement by whose terms nothing shall be done within a radius of thirty-one English miles near the bay without the consent of the German authorities.

France is no stranger to China. This is a painful truth to the latter country. As previously mentioned, France was England's ally almost fifty years ago, if not in the opium, certainly in the audience controversy, and only a few years since the French republic engaged in a costly struggle on its own account in Tonquin. Meanwhile the tri-color has floated over an ever-increasing stretch of Chinese territory until to-day France owns practically all of Cochin-China, Tonquin, Anam, and a large part of Siam; and already Gallic ambition is casting longing glances at the island of Hainan. Under such circumstances, it was only natural that France should have endeavored to reap her share of the rich gleanings which remained in Chinese fields after the Japanese war. Hence, through the active coöperation of Russia, she has obtained important concessions from the Tsung-li-Yamen or foreign office of the Chinese empire. In the first place, China has promised to employ only French industry and commerce in operating her mines in Yunnan and Kwang Tung, to say nothing of the railway privileges Frenchmen have obtained in Southern China generally.

Great Britain has naturally watched these kaleidoscopic changes with growing interest and alarm; and, owing either to fear or to stupidity, Lord Salisbury has been obliged to change front more than once. Singularly enough, each time he has shifted his position he has rubbed his hands gleefully and chirped of a victory few besides himself have been able to discern. It would be a mistake, however, to fancy that England has played a losing game, despite the fact that folly appears to have been her counsel. Still, Great Britain in her



struggle in China must of necessity receive the hearty and substantial support of the entire commercial world, and more especially that of America, for in China at least the interests of the two countries are virtually identical. Nor should it be forgotten that Great Britain was one of the first countries to compel China to throw open her ports to the "foreign devils," and whatever concessions the English have obtained they have shared with all other nations. It will be remembered that England secured Hongkong as far back as 1841, since which time foreigners entering that port have enjoyed all the privileges of British subjects. Merchants of all nationalities have been allowed to come and go with the utmost freedom. Therefore when the integrity of China was first seriously menaced, Great Britain, in view of her vast commercial interests, boldly announced a sort of Monroe doctrine for the quaking empire. China, a sovereign and independent state, was not to be regarded as a field for European exploitation or colonization. England, with her extensive East Indian possessions, not to mention her preponderating commercial interests, greater probably than those of the rest of the world combined, was visibly startled by the sudden turn of affairs in the Orient. No less rude was the shock she received on realizing that she stood face to face with a combined and hostile Europe. What now would be the consequences were the very ports into which the commercial fleets of the whole world sailed, through her influence, suddenly closed by her commercial and political rivals? All Britain was convulsed. The doors to China must be kept open. The air was thick with rumors of war. Finally on March 1 last the House of Commons, with singular unanimity, passed the following measure: "*Resolved*, That it is of vital importance for British commerce and influence that the independence of Chinese territory should be maintained." All the public utterances of her politicians indicated, as plainly as anything could indicate, that come what may, Great Britain's policy was to be along these lines. Such was the notice served on the continental powers. They only laughed in their sleeves.

Blunt Sir Michael Hicks-Beach thereupon went so far as to make use of that word which diplomatic usage has rendered obsolete in the vocabulary of all civilized foreign offices. Expectation ran high. Flying squadrons received all sorts of mysterious orders. Coal was in demand. The stock market quivered with excitement. Suddenly there came a change of front as complete as that brought about a few years ago by President Cleveland's firm attitude on the Venezuelan controversy. Finding that Russia and her allies were not to be intimidated by threats unworthy of a great nation unless promptly executed, the British lion became as harmless as a bird of St. Francis. Lancashire cloth regained its normal price. The stock market was composed. And it now seems that the court of St. James—as far as one can make out anything there—realizes that nothing can save the huge rotten Asiatic thing that calls itself an empire from its impending doom; that, owing to external and internal agencies equally irresistible in their nature, it is already moribund, and that, so far from striving to arrest the downfall of China, the British government has taken the position it should have occupied months ago—namely, that England should endeavor to secure her share of the fragments. Hence she has joined the flock of vultures circling over the great carcass.

Already, therefore, Great Britain has gained several important advantages. First of all, she has succeeded in retaining Sir Robert Hart in the all-important office of Commissioner of the Imperial Customs. To show the importance of this post it may be remarked that all goods imported into China are subject to an imperial tariff of some five per cent. In addition to this tariff there is a *likin*, or internal transit tax, levied on all goods bound for the interior of China—a tax collected every few miles by the petty officials of various provinces and dependencies. As is well known, this imperial tariff was several years ago mortgaged to secure European loans, notably the Anglo-German, and has been subsequently pledged to secure the payment of the Japanese indemnity. Owing to recent monetary disturbances, the imperial customs have declined considerably in

gold valuation, and it was to prevail upon the Western powers to consent to its increase that caused Li Hung Chang, the Chinese statesman, to pay his recent unsuccessful visit to Europe and the United States. Hence the position of Sir Robert is a most delicate one, and it is one which he has filled with both grace and ability. Russia, to be sure, has frequently endeavored to have him turned out of office, but has so far failed in her efforts. England has also received liberal concessions in the valley of the Yang-tse-Kiang river, a navigable stream which in size and importance may be compared to the Mississippi. Furthermore she has succeeded in having several more ports thrown open to foreign trade and in obtaining a lease of Wei-Hai-Wei for ninety-nine years. Military experts express the opinion that this is a valuable strategic position and gives England the command of the Pe-chi-li gulf.

From the foregoing it will be gathered that the powers directly interested in China are Russia, Germany, France, Great Britain, and Japan. Belgium and Holland are also affected by the serious alterations now going on in the constitution of the Celestial Empire, not to mention the interests of our own country. But the country least considered is China itself. That she is sure to play a great rôle, however, in the events foreshadowed by contemporary occurrences within her boundaries can scarcely be doubted in view of the extraordinary genius and vitality of her heterogeneous population. Accordingly it would be extremely unwise to leave this people out of the reckoning in any effort to forecast the future either of Asia or of the world at large. The significant fact must be grasped at once that China, after years of repose, has suddenly become aroused. Like an awakening giant, she may one day stretch out her limbs and surprise everybody. And in view of the inherent genius of the people China may yet produce some startling changes in human history. We must not forget the extraordinary development of Japan. Is China one whit the less capable? Therefore a book like that written by Mr. Archibald Colquhoun comes at a most seasonable time. Mr. Archibald Colquhoun is

moreover singularly well fortified for the performance of his task. He tells us that he has not only seen many years' service in Burma, but has also paid frequent visits to Siam and made "prolonged stays in China as explorer, special correspondent of the [London] *Times*, and recently in connection with important railway questions."

Every page of this really valuable work bears witness to the author's thoroughly accurate knowledge of the country and people he so felicitously describes. Beginning with an account of Chinese geography, Mr. Colquhoun gives a rapid survey of the topography of the eighteen provinces of China, with their numerous mountain and river systems, which have so remarkably influenced the institutions of the yellow race. Much stress of course is laid on the foreign relations of China, while several chapters are devoted respectively to the economic, social, and political aspects of the far Eastern question. Nor has our author ignored Chinese institutions. A highly encouraging chapter, for example, is devoted to the influence exerted by the Chinese press, while a no less optimistic account is given of Chinese democracy. Referring to this latter phase of the subject, our author says: "Of the contributory causes of a national vitality which has vanquished all conquerors, certainly not the least interesting is the faculty of local self-government which runs in the Chinese blood. While it may help to prevent the development of nationality in its wide sense, this quality of the race keeps alive the constituents of nationality in separate small communities, and in a form as indestructible as protoplasm, which cannot in fact be broken up except by extermination. Or they may be likened to an infinite multitude of water-tight cells, which keep the whole mass afloat in the most turbulent sea. And supplementing the family and village groups which lie at the bottom of the national life, which are rooted in the soil and have their fixed rallying points visible to the public eye, are an indefinite number of other groupings—special, variable, not territorially attached—which are the spontaneous outcome of felt needs wherein professions, classes, interests, and aims form the organic pivot. . . . The

rights of the people are primarily the possession of their land, freedom of industry and trade, and the control of their local affairs." These two great systems, a centralized autocracy and a democratic self-government, recall the Russian constitution.

Naturally enough, the most interesting chapters of this volume are those which discuss the political question from an international point of view. Like many other Englishmen, Mr. Colquhoun takes a pessimistic view of British diplomacy in Asia. He frankly admits that as against Russia it has been a failure. "What is wanted on our side," he sorrowfully asserts, "is a plan solidly backed, and a man. Instead, we have trusted to phrases and have lived on illusions. But how can there be any plan when our government has no real intelligence department, when it is uninformed? How dare we entertain the idea of force, when we shun the responsibility attaching to alliances, and while our only idea of strengthening ourselves is to multiply the number of our war vessels? And under such a system how can we expect to have efficient agents? In the one field, where of late years we have been successful—Egypt—we had our plan: we had the twelve thousand bayonets, and the man. In China we have never had the three, and seldom even the last. How few are the Cromers, the Nicholsons, the Sandemans in the service of Britain! It is not that she cannot produce them—no country in the world has them in such profusion—but that the system—or rather the want of system—does not tolerate, still less encourage, them. The diplomatist, the frontier officer, is ever afraid of being disavowed, has always to think of the 'question in the House.' And how can it be otherwise with the feeling abroad that British governments are seldom strong, are seldom firm and consistent, and are only too ready to sacrifice a scapegoat?"

Mr. Colquhoun is inclined to think that the position of Russia with regard to China is not generally realized. Russia, he affirms, herself semi-Asiatic, thoroughly understands how to deal with an Asiatic government and make herself feared. The Russian spokesmen claim, continues our au-



thor, that "they are working for civilization—not for Russia alone, but for the whole of Europe; and we are assured that as soon as Russia is strong enough to declare free trade, she will do it. There is no need to express doubt of the sincerity of such professions. But they are only to be understood on the hypothesis that Russia seriously contemplates an eventual supreme domination, which, once firmly established, would enable her to deal with all the powers of Europe as generously as, for instance, she is now doing with France. Russia poses in Europe as the 'bulwark of Christianity' against the 'yellow peril;' while in China she is the 'protector' of her next kinsman against the wave of Western aggression. This doctrine (the pro-Asiatic) is preached with as great ability and persistency at Peking as is the other (the pro-European) doctrine in England, through the press, with the view to influence public opinion."

Mr. Colquhoun makes more than one allusion to the interests of the United States in China. And well may he do so, for some one has truly enough observed that the far East is our near West. A glance at the map will show this. So rapid, moreover, has been our territorial expansion that our population has long since reached the Pacific and is already firmly fixed in Hawaii, not to mention the influence we are sure to gain in the Philippines and other groups by reason of the war with Spain. Hence it is of supreme importance that our already rapidly developing trade with China be unmolested. Our many smokeless furnaces and silent engines proclaim the fact that our industrial establishments produce more than the home market requires, and that America's prosperity in the future demands that new markets be found and old ones kept open. The various treaties we have made with China provide, moreover, that China will accord us whatever privileges she grants to others. So far, the present administration has expressed its intention of enforcing these rights, and we have heard a great deal of an American-English-Japanese alliance. Naturally enough, too, our geographical situation with respect to China, as well as the number of American vessels annually visiting her ports, will

lead to a yet greater commerce in the near future. In these days of rapid transit the six thousand and more miles between California and China do not offer a serious obstacle to travel or trade, while, despite the passage by Congress of the Chinese Exclusion Bill, our relations with the Flowery Kingdom are extremely satisfactory.

As to what the future has in store for China time alone can tell. The war with Japan thoroughly aroused her slumbering millions. Under a stronger government—possibly that of Russia—and solidified by improved means of communication, China will unquestionably more and more yield to the uplifting and strengthening forces of Western civilization. Her latent mineral wealth, her virgin forests, her many navigable lakes and rivers, her huge manufacturing cities, her exhaustless agricultural lands, her millions of buyers and sellers, are all awaiting the guidance of the white man. That China's long stagnation, moreover, has in large measure been the result of a defective system of intercommunication is a fact as patent as that her frequent and awful famines may be traced to the same cause. What is to be the effect on her population and institutions when they come in direct contact with the complicated manifestations of European life? To what greatness may not China hope to attain when her people shall have mastered not only the white man's peaceful arts but his military and moral methods as well? On the ruins of the now rapidly passing Celestial Empire may there not rise a strong and vigorous state? Sheng-Tajen, the suave and efficient director of the Chinese imperial railways, has but to say that his age-long torpid country, with its 5,000,000 square miles and 400,000,000 inhabitants—not to speak of its 2,500 miles of seacoast dotted with harbors—can no longer remain satisfied with its few hundred miles of railways. Eager capitalists are already on the march. The "yellow peril" of men like the late Professor Pearson may either never be a danger at all or it may be so remote as to furnish no ground for serious apprehension. A China civilized and enlightened may after all prove less dangerous than the colossal jelly fish that now attracts the squadrons of

Europe. Hence an industrially advanced China may after all prove as much of a bugaboo as a militant China, unified by railways, marching under a yellow Napoleon against the panic-seized white race of the West. That the world is to be turned topsy-turvy by any such catastrophe few can really seriously believe, although not a few may be inclined to concede that this extraordinary race, united or disunited, is sure to play its part in the drama of history. What that rôle is to be only a prophet would venture to say. This much, however, may be reasonably predicted. The future actions of the yellow race will in no small measure be affected by the present actions of the white race.

In concluding we should not neglect to draw attention to the excellent maps which accompany Mr. Colquhoun's enjoyable book. There is also a carefully prepared index. Those, moreover, who wish still further to extend their researches in this direction will find a most helpful bibliography at the end of the volume, embracing English, French, and German authorities. Few will perhaps complain that no references are made to Chinese authorities. It were perhaps ungracious to refer to the venial fault of several errors on the part of the printer, which a subsequent edition will correct. Any one who wishes to post himself thoroughly on the great and living questions which our author's book suggests cannot do better than to read the truly graphic and at times brilliant descriptions this volume contains. B. J. RAMAGE.

## THE TREATMENT OF THE VILLAIN IN SHAKSPERE AND MOLIÈRE.

It is difficult for us, long accustomed to think of Shakspeare as the supreme poet of all time, to close our eyes to his greatness as a poet and consider him only as a dramatist—as a creator of character, a constructor of plot and situation—and suffer him to be brought into serious comparison with Molière. Yet Shakspeare is no more surely the greatest dramatist of England than we now recognize Molière to be of France. They form, perhaps, with Sophocles a trio of the great constructive dramatists of the world. So while on the literary side we should be untrue to the one and unjust to the other to compare them, on the purely dramatic side they demand comparison; nay, if Shakspeare be the Hector who advances from the English lines proudly challenging any dramatist to match him, it must be the lot of Molière to meet him from the evener ranks of France.

The methods and development of Molière and Shakspeare are so entirely unlike that a comparison of them means mostly contrast. In no respect are their dramatic methods more clearly portrayed and their development more strangely different than in the drawing of their villain characters. Those of Shakspeare are many and among his best-known figures; in all Molière we find but three real villains. The reason for this difference in so essential a feature of dramatic composition is not far to seek. Shakspeare was concerned in his greatest period with the deeper and more serious side of life; Molière remained a comedy writer to the end. Shakspeare began his apprenticeship with the old "tragedy of blood;" Molière began with utterly non-moral farce drawn from the *commedia del arte*.

After his first period of bright comedy, where the villain scarcely appears, "Love's Labor's Lost," "The Comedy of Errors," "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," and "A Mid-

summer Night's Dream," Shakspeare returned with commanding power to the tragedy of blood, and created in Richard III. the perfect tyrant type. With King John he began a deeper and subtler type of villain; and then, in Shylock, somewhat blended the two types, yet so fused them in the strong personality of a great nature, and so relieved each darker trait with one more noble, that it may be questioned whether Shylock can truly be called a villain. But the evil side of life had now taken strong hold on Shakspeare's mind; his comedies became full of tragic possibilities, and the villain appears in almost every play he wrote from this time on. Through the succeeding dramas a deepening of the villain character can be noticed till the two types clearly emerge again in the subtle Cassius and the tyrant Claudius; yet Cassius is a noble Roman, a man worthy of the love of Brutus; and Claudius, on the other hand, is a secondary part. "Measure for Measure" brings the tyrant once more into the foreground, but Angelo is forced to repentance; while the subile and insinuating type of villain is at last fully crystallized and demonized in Iago. He is the perfection of human villainy; so human that defenses of him have been written—so villainous that he could scarcely be made blacker. After drawing Iago, Shakspeare had left himself little more to do in this direction. Except in "Macbeth," where crime becomes almost cosmic, the villain character tends to become of secondary importance; the tyrant type is confined to the minor characters, or else, as in the later comedies, culminates in repentance; the second type tends to become confused or unrelieved, till it finally bursts in the filthy Iachimo. So that in selecting the most splendid and typical of Shakspeare's villains, we might well take Richard on the one hand and Iago on the other; and between them, perhaps, having the unfeeling, tyrannical exultation of the former, and the keen, demon-like, determined purpose of the latter, yet with a largeness of nature making him almost a hero, we should put Shylock. At any rate, these three leading figures may be taken as fairly representing Shakspeare's rich genius in the portrayal of his villain characters.



A strangely close and very interesting parallelism to these three villains which we have singled out from Shakspeare is found in the Don Juan, Harpagon, and Tartuffe of Molière. Molière began his work, as we have pointed out above, with light farces based entirely on Italian models. The first of these, "Le Jalousie du Balbouillé," contains the situation of a wife returning home late at night, being locked out by her suspecting husband, inducing him to come out by pretending to kill herself, then slipping past him into the house and locking him out in turn, so that her parents, arriving on the scene, condemn him as unfaithful. If taken in its full significance, this is truly a tragic situation. Yet it no more occurs to us to think it so than to shudder at the awful deeds of Punch. Le Barbouillé and Angélique are not in the least responsible beings, and villainy for such creatures is a moral impossibility. After writing most of his greatest plays, Molière returned to this same subject in "George Dandin;" he had become intensely human in the interval; his characters had become responsible human beings; another turn of the screw would have made the play a tragedy; but Molière's lightness of touch still saves it from this, and Angélique again escapes our deep reproach and scorn. In "Les Précieuses Ridicules," the first great play of Molière, the situation is also one which might have been made tragic; but Mascarille, rolling in his exuberant conceit, fanning himself with the forced flattery of the silly *précieuses*, has no relation to the seriousness of such a situation. Molière became serious for the first time in "Don Garcie de Navarre," and thoroughly human for the first time in "L'École des Femmes," and then he was ready to write his great Tartuffe. This was Molière's Iago; but instead of reaching it as the climax of a dozen villain characters, it was his first trial. He followed it immediately with Don Juan, a villain in some respects like Shakspeare's Richard; and lastly, in "L'Avare," he gave us Harpagon, who, being a very human and unusual type of miser, may be brought into comparison with Shylock.

Counting out the bloody and disgusting figures in "Titus Andronicus," the first genuine villain of Shakspeare is his

Richard III. In him Shakspeare was dealing with an accepted character; we are prepared, when he makes his first entrance, to recognize him as the man who without remorse or pity will wade through blood and slaughter to the throne, and triumph grimly over every obstacle. In treating Don Juan, Molière had exactly this same advantage; he was dealing with a character already known, and a story already popular with the theater-going public of his time.

And the characters of both Richard and Don Juan had in them those elements of intense tragic interest and half-humorous, fascinating evil force which were calculated to make them popular subjects on the stage. Both are men of physical bravery, of power, of readiness in action; and this pleases us. Both are men of strong personality, lording it superbly over their fellows, whom they despise and scorn; this fascinates us. Both are men of humor in the most serious circumstances—Richard, for instance, in his treatment of Hastings; Don Juan in the scene with Don Carlos in Act III.—and this delights us. Both know the strength and the weakness of women, and play upon their feelings with cynical self-satisfaction; this rouses our deepest indignation. Both, in their pride of intellect, invert the moral order of the world, making every one else subservient to their personal desires; and this gives zest to the inevitable tragic end.

But Richard, though fascinating and magnetic, is deformed and solitary; Don Juan is anything but so. Richard's appetite is for action; Don Juan's is for lust. Richard's only redeeming feature is his admiration for his father; Don Juan's darkest point of infamy is his treatment of Don Louis. Richard has "the plain devil and dissembling looks" to aid him from the first; Don Juan reaches hypocrisy as the culmination of his wickedness. Richard has more demonlike intensity, more need to vent himself upon the world; Don Juan is of a less impassioned cast of mind, so that while the dream of ghosts drives Richard to despair, the waking vision of a miracle merely leads Don Juan to deeper villainy. Again, Richard begins with wooing a lady whom he intends to abandon, and Don Juan begins with abandoning one whom

he has lately won. Richard, in soliloquy, determines frankly to be a villain; Don Juan as frankly lays bare his character to Sganarelle, and with an irony worthy of Richard defends himself in his unholy course. Richard's deepening in crime and the approach of his final doom is marked by the wailings of desolated women, and reports of the growing force of Richmond; we are taught this with Don Juan by the calls he receives to repent, and by his scornful spurning of them all. There is no more repentance in one than in the other; skeptical to the last, despising all human frailty, and defying God and man, each passes to his inevitable end.

In drawing the character of a miser, both Molière and Shakspeare departed from the conventional type, and felt it necessary to add certain other qualities both of deepening and relief. Harpagon possesses his establishment; he has his servants about him; he is represented as in love. It is true that these are all made points of ridicule; the horses may drop dead from want of food, Master Jacques must serve both as cook and coachman, the dowry of Marianne and her frugality are the things which Harpagon most esteems. But horses, servants, and love are not in the usual miser's manner. As for Shylock, though he must always stand for greed of gold, it may almost be proved that he was not a miser at all. Gold is his protection against a nation that is persecuting all his race; that Antonio lends out money gratis embitters him, but Shylock's real enmity is caused by a Christian's insults to his dignity, his nation, his religion:

You call me misbeliever, cutthroat dog,  
And spet upon my Jewish gaberdine.

Launcelot pretends to be starved, but his lively manner belies him; or at least his estimate must be modified by that of Shylock—

that thou shalt not *gormandize*  
As thou hast done with me.

When Jessica has gone he makes no secret of his grief for the loss of his money, but still his cry is "O my daughter! O my *Christian* ducats!" The ring Leah had given him he would not have sold for a wilderness of monkeys; and the

first groan of anguish which we hear from him after Jessica's flight is merely: "My own flesh and blood to rebel!" That she has gone with a Christian is the fearful blow. "The curse never fell on our nation till now: I never felt it till now. . . . I would my daughter were dead at my feet and the jewels in her ear! Would she were hearsed at my foot and the ducats in her coffin!" Who will say, in the presence of such grief, that he wished to pick the jewels out from her dead ears? With careless scorn he rejects the offer of twice the value of Antonio's bond—nay,

If every ducat in six thousand ducats  
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,  
I would not draw them.

This is a strange sort of avarice!

But it is only as miserliness leads to cruelty or injustice that it becomes actually criminal. Greed of gain is the prime motive with Harpagon, and from it is derived almost every sentiment which he expresses, and every act he does. He beats and sends away the servant whom he merely suspects may have seen where he had buried his treasure; and when he suspects Valère of having stolen it he thinks the gallows too easy a punishment, he should be broken alive on the wheel! In all seriousness he tells his daughter that it would have been better that she should have drowned than that her rescuer should be Valère. Shylock's cruelty also proceeds originally from the same source; or at least without the losses Antonio has made him suffer, he would never have sought his pound of flesh. But instead of his cruelty remaining secondary, as with Harpagon, it becomes at once the main-spring of the play. While Harpagon's tyranny is made a fit subject for comedy by Molière's exuberant exaggeration and never-failing sense of fun, Shylock's revenge is made all but justifiable, and his final overstepping of the mark is met by his speedy downfall. Antonio had said:

I am as like to call thee so again,  
To spit on thee so again, to spurn thee too;

and it would have been so. Had Shylock relented any time before the last, he would have been but a "soft and

dull-eyed fool," who "let a serpent sting him twice." If Shylock in the end had made terms with Antonio, he would have constituted himself the hero of the piece, and Antonio would have become the morbid villain! Of course this would have ruined the drama, and would have been inconsistent with the full tragic depth of Shylock's nature.

Only in one particular does Harpagon show a true similarity to Shylock. It is in his keen humor and deep insight into nature. This is illustrated by the easy mastery with which he beguiles Cléante, leading him to betray his love for Marianne. The calm, cynical superiority with which he does this is worthy of Shylock in his contemptuous scorn of Gratiano. In spite of this one point of similarity, however, and in spite of the fact that both Shylock and Harpagon are avaricious and cruel and both are the central figures of comedies which they make so by their own discomfort and failure, Shylock is so much grander and nobler a creation that it would be absurd to compare him with Harpagon. Nothing could be more unlike than the treatment of this border land of villain by Molière and Shakspeare.

We come now to the master stroke of our authors, to the characters who represent their final word on human evil; and here their conceptions, though outwardly differing, are in reality very much alike. Iago pretending to be honest, and Tartuffe pretending to be pious, both betraying their closest friends and benefactors in the most sacred relations of life, these are the greatest villains of Molière and Shakspeare, almost as surely the greatest thoroughly human villains in all the range of literature. We have noticed the progress of the villain character in Shakspeare from its early perfection in the hot and bloody Richard to its higher perfection in the cold and calculating Iago. As this is Shakspeare's supreme effort in villain creation, we may look more carefully at the exact means he employs to bring before us this perfect type of human wickedness, and with this we may contrast the unique and interesting method employed by Molière.

Iago opens the tragedy, which out of his own evil will he is to begin and accomplish and become the victim of, by a



confidential chat with his secondary dupe, Roderigo. He talks in so frank and open a manner that "honest" is a natural title to apply to him. Iago is, after all, not so far from honest as we are accustomed to esteem him. He is a companionable fellow; he is hale and hearty and well met. He hides his hatred from Othello, as who but a Timon or an Alceste would not? From Roderigo all he needs to disguise is the use he puts him to; and consequently, that aside, he speaks with perfect candor. If he were merely a hypocrite, he would have, as Tartuffe has, one dupe to several persons who see through him. But Roderigo, Montano, Cassio—Othello and Desdemona both—even his own unsuspecting wife—all are easy victims for Iago because of his frank and honest manner. That frankness and that honesty could not be wholly assumed by any man. Tartuffe, lusty and greedy, is a hypocrite by nature; Iago, cold-hearted and bitter, is as naturally "honest." They are both fine examples of that essential duality of our natures which is exemplified also in the superstitious fear of Richard III. and Don Juan's turning away dumb from Elvira; by Shylock's tenderness for Jessica, and Harpagon's genuine love for Marianne.

Iago is so well liked by everybody about him, so affectionately trusted by Othello himself, that we are led to wonder what may have been his life before the tragedy begins. Was Shakspeare following the accepted heavy villain of the stage, and representing in Iago a man whose tendency was naturally toward wickedness, who fulfilled the law of his being by running counter to the principles of right? Or was he a careless and honest enough man, congenial and easy-going, with little to trouble his conscience and very little conscience to be troubled? He was surely not only popular with Cassio and the rest, but intimate with at least three "great ones of the city;" a man with much promise of success in life, when suddenly we find him receiving a check to his fortunes and a deadly insult to himself. These vexed and annoyed him in the extreme; nay, they roused his anger and his hatred; and both connected themselves immediately with Cassio and Othello. The Moor had raised the unmilitary

Florentine to the post of lieutenant, a post which Iago knew very well that he himself deserved. To a man of action, unphilosophic and selfish, this was enough to engender a bitterness growing by its own existence into actual hatred. But back of this, he really suspected both the "old black ram" and the handsome civilian of having made a cuckold of him. Instead of the wild rage and "great revenge" of Othello, instead of looking with lionlike ferocity to a double murder, and breathing the awful accusation only at the last appointed hour, Iago, with more sane self-control, but with not a moiety of the great passion of his general, proceeds forthwith to accuse Emilia to her face (as is shown by IV., ii., 175), and being unsatisfied by this, seeks a darker and more subtle means to avenge himself. He suspecting Othello—how beautifully it would be balanced by Othello's suspecting Cassio!—perfect!—an adequate revenge on both! He did not realize the great depths of Othello's nature, how differently he would respond to the same mental stimulus, what fearful consequences would be involved, how he would endanger his own life, and the life of Desdemona.

And so, like Shylock, Iago has his full measure of cause. As with Shylock, also, it is possible that he was carried on by developing circumstances farther than he had really intended when the first step was taken; but while Lorenzo and his mocking, gay-hearted associates drove Shylock to the extreme, Iago was impelled only by his own impotence to free himself from the course he had entered upon. And finally, as with Shylock again, there came an opportunity to recant and to ward off the impending doom. But Shylock had not wisdom and mercy sufficient to exchange the bond he had from Antonio for another protecting himself from insults and ill usage in the future; and Iago had not the kindness nor the courage to go to Othello when Desdemona so piteously implored him, and repeat to him the vindicating scene he had just witnessed. But until Shylock heard Portia's appeal for mercy at the trial, and until Iago saw how Desdemona was being engulfed in the general tragedy, who will say that either Shylock or Iago was unjustified from a narrow point of view in plotting his revenge?

And with that superb genius with which Shakspeare always binds his whole conception together, note how nicely Iago's suspicions of Emilia relieve his treatment of her; and without our in the least sharing those suspicions, how much less pure they make her character than that of the equally suspected Desdemona. "Would you for all the world?" Why, yes! with Emilia "all the world" would be quite sufficient reparation! Therein lies all the difference between the supreme purity and purity that is only approximate. Iago is somewhat relieved, moreover, from the full responsibility for the crime by Desdemona's little lie in saying she could fetch the handkerchief but would not now, by Emilia's much grosser deceit in failing to reveal its whereabouts when she knew at least a part of its fatal significance (she confesses it in V., ii., 240), and also by Cassio's coarse jocoseness, laying his character open to suspicion, when he is speaking of his dealings with Bianca. On flaws in each of these, as well as on Othello's own hot-headed blindness, the coming of the final doom depends.

But still Iago is the mainspring of it all. It is around his evil will, as the central sun of the system, that the faults and follies of all the rest revolve. Roderigo is his man, and his only; Cassio is little other than his foil; for him Emilia steals the handkerchief; even the huge Othello moves about in obedience to the spell of his evil-working wand. His power of controlling men is due largely to his intellectual superiority to all about him. Roderigo is a man not easy to be managed; he is always about to break loose and act with determination for himself; it requires no small amount of skill in our villain-hero to keep him in subjection to his wish. And again, if there can be more of anything else than of pure devilishness in his "mincing" the account he gives of Cassio's escapade, it is the fine insight into character and commanding intellectual daring with which he executes the whole affair.

But he does this no more by his brilliant intellectual power than by his ever-present saving sense of humor. Iago's humor is one of the most potent means employed in the play to

set in relief both his brilliancy and his infamy. With Rodrigo it takes a healthy and hearty turn: "Drown thyself? Drown cats and blind puppies!" Yet we are not surprised when immediately afterwards he plans with "double knavery" to "abuse Othello's ear." With Cassio his humor has still more of unromantic common sense: "As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound." There is a greater contrast, too, between his merry manner and his sinister cogitations. "And let me the canakin clink, clink" is a genuine but superficial expression of his nature; underneath it we can hear the clink of the chain with which he would bind down the souls of those about him. With Desdemona the humor of Iago tends to pass over into licentiousness. He does not feel the impotence of even Mephistopheles before the purity of Margaret. In the opening of Act II. he is indeed a most profane and liberal counselor. With a trifling coarseness, which Cassio attributes to a soldier's bluntness, he says such innocent yet half suggestive things as should tend to bring them all into a looser freedom. Cassio takes Desdemona's hand, and then Iago's aside shows his whole nature in a dozen lines. His ambition is there, but not with the unrestrainable intensity of Richard III.; his hatred is there, but not with Shylock's implacableness; it has a different tone, a sly and scornful insinuation which shows a deeper villainy of nature still: "Ay, well said, whisper!" From this time we can have no hope of a happy outcome. With what an intense bitterness we hear him say:

O, you are well-tuned now!  
But I'll set down the pegs that make this music,  
As honest as I am.

And with this dark determination he goes to his unholy task. He seems not to have been capable of realizing the intensity of the agony he was about to cause. We do not feel that he has half of Shylock's relish for the sufferings of his victims. He does not appreciate how much misery the human mind is capable of enduring. It is because of this callousness of his nature that his humor can find play; that he

can answer Desdemona's heart-tearing appeals with such mock sympathy:

There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry!

A character thus finely compounded of intellectual daring and devilishness, a cause of vengeance and its opportunity at hand, and the inevitable story has but to tell itself. There is no need of soliloquy; there really was no need of it from the first. Iago leads Cassio to urge his suit to Desdemona, and the wheels of the tragedy begin to move. There follows cog in cog irresistibly to the end—the persistence of Cassio, the rage of Othello, the despair of Desdemona. Iago, the master mechanic, stands back of all, guiding and controlling the huge engine, till at last he is caught in the mechanism of his own contriving, and hurled to destruction by its gigantic power.

If "Othello" is perhaps the most perfect of the great tragedies of Shakspeare, "Tartuffe" may claim a similar superiority among the greater plays of Molière. Yet while "Tartuffe" may really rival "Othello" in its perfection of form, the means by which the great hypocrite is made known to us differ at almost every point from those used in Shakspeare's portrayal of Iago.

The comedy of "Tartuffe" opens with Madame Pernelle, a rather violent religious shrew, condemning the innocent evil practices of her son's household, and defending against four of the younger members a certain Tartuffe. It appears at once that he also has been condemning their worldly amusements and managing the household of Orgon. Dorine, with the inviolable privilege of the household servant, tells how Tartuffe had come to them a stranger with no shoes to his feet, but how he had acquired a subtle mastery over Orgon and had come to lord it in his house; how his piety was only glaring hypocrisy, retained by condemning the harmless pleasures of the rest; and then, to crown it all, she believed him secretly in love with Elmire, Orgon's wife. But Madame Pernelle has defended Tartuffe with more words than all the rest combined have been able to employ in his favor;



much more has been said for him than against him; it has been repeatedly stated how he lives only to do the will of Heaven. How do we know that she may not be right? Even if Tartuffe is extreme in his sentiments, does it follow that he is only a hypocrite? We can see that his severity has prejudiced this worldly household against him. But Molière has fortified himself against any possible misconstruction on this point by making Madame Pernelle herself a very disagreeable person; to be well spoken of by her is perhaps a stronger condemnation of Tartuffe than to be reviled by all the others. As she gives her maid a blow and marches off in a rage, we are ready to believe the very worst! But we are now informed that Madame Pernelle is not half so infatuated with Tartuffe as is Orgon himself. Upon which Orgon enters, and the drama opens in good earnest:

How has everything been while he was away?

Elmire was sick, and had a terrible headache.

And Tartuffe?

Remarkably well, full and plump, with ruddy cheeks.

The poor man!

Nothing could be more complete in revealing the whole character and situation than this repeated refrain of "Et Tartuffe?" and "Le pauvre homme!" Orgon's infatuation knows no bounds. To Cléante, the indispensable French confidant, he says he would see his brother, wife, and children die before he would cease to provide for a man of such marvelous piety. And with the suggestion that he will indeed sacrifice his daughter's happiness, this great introductory act comes to a close.

It is a point merely noteworthy, not in itself remarkable, that the first act of Tartuffe should contain only preparation for his entrance and not show us the impostor himself. But when the entire second act is over, and still we have not seen him, it is time to comment. What more could have been needed to prepare us? One thing there is, and that the second act supplies in all its full significance: a young girl's loathing of the thought of marriage to him. If this were

brought before our sympathies after our acquaintance with Tartuffe had been made, we should have a background of opinion by which to judge her reluctance. Our estimation of him having been already formed, her hatred of him could add but little to it. But Tartuffe remaining still unseen, Marianne's fear that she will be forced to wed him not only rouses in response our deepest dread for her and increases tenfold our wrath at the blinded Orgon, but lets our imagination paint in the most lurid hues the dastardly hypocrite who is soon to descend upon us. When that is done, we not only know Tartuffe, but hate him.

But the second act is really concerned more with advancing the story than with the delineation of Tartuffe's character. It contains a plot to defeat the impostor in his evil aims; and the opportunity for a quarrel and reconciliation of Marianne and Valère is more than Molière can resist. But episode as it clearly is, a lovers' quarrel is sufficient, when Molière has treated it, to make our interest in the outcome genuine and permanent; and no matter how foolish the lovers are, we have been forced to take sides with them, and consequently have taken sides against the ominous Tartuffe.

To glance for one parting moment back over the first two acts of the plays we are comparing, for it is in these that the characters are delineated for us, we find that Iago was introduced at the rise of the curtain, and has scarcely left the stage from that time on. In the first act he reveals to Roderigo all but one corner of his heart, he rouses Brabantio against Othello, and a moment later takes up arms with the Moor against the senator, and then in a long soliloquy lays bare all the blackness of his plans and purposes. By the end of the second act he has enslaved Roderigo for his own pecuniary gain, has sullied Desdemona's ear with his coarseness, and finally has caused poor Cassio's ruin and has set him as the unwitting implement to bring about the general undoing of them all. By his asides, soliloquies, confessions, and black deeds, he has fully brought himself before us. Yet his character is no more of a finished product when the third act opens than that of the utterly unseen Tartuffe.

Tartuffe has been described only by prejudiced people, yet we know him as he is. There is need for him now merely to come before us, telling his servant to lock up his hair shirt and scourge, and proceed immediately to make love to Orgon's wife. He has no need for an aside, no need for a soliloquy, and these, the means by which Iago tells his evil intents and nature to us, Tartuffe not once employs. One thing, however, is even beyond the promise we had of him. His confession—nay, profession—of his unworthiness after Damis' accusation, his complete winning over of Orgon in the most impossible situation, ingrafting himself more deeply than ever on Orgon's heart, securing greater ease of access to Elmire, and having his enemy banished for betraying him, are wonderful, but no less natural. This is the last touch of character revelation in the play. To witness more of his fell purposes can only reassure us in our insight into the hollowness of his dark nature. His having secured the deed of gift, his turning his benefactor out of doors, his proving to be a well-known criminal, add but little to our knowledge of him as a villain.

Shakspeare's genius, as was said in the beginning, was of a grander and heavier turn than Molière's; Richard III. is a much more commanding figure than Don Juan; Shylock is a villain so superb in his nobler qualities as to be unique in literature, there is nothing of his immenseness of nature in Harpagon. But in Tartuffe Molière has shown his power to create a serious villain character which we could hardly have dared to hope from a writer of delightful comedy; a creation so greatly conceived and nobly executed that he does not falter or fall when brought into comparison with the very greatest villain conception in all Shakspeare.

HENRY DAVID GRAY.

## THE BIBLE AS LITERATURE.<sup>1</sup>

THE "Modern Reader's Bible" is completed with the publication of the volume on St. John. We have taken occasion before to call the attention of our readers to this admirable series of books from the sacred Scriptures presented in modern literary form. And now that the whole is complete, embracing both Old and New Testaments, with Ecclesiasticus and Tobit from the Apocrypha, we congratulate the editor, Dr. Moulton, and the publishers on the success of their undertaking. The significance of their literary venture is not yet fully appreciated by the American public, but we feel safe in saying that it is destined to work a great change in the popular conception of the Bible. As men come to have a growing appreciation of the Scriptures as literature they will incline more readily to believe in their divine inspiration. So far from breaking down the authority of the Bible, and lessening men's regard for it, we venture to predict that Dr. Moulton's work will have just the opposite effect. All men reverence genius. The reverence that the whole world pays to Shakspeare, Dante, and Homer has in it an unconscious recognition of the divine. We cannot account for such inspiration as theirs unless we believe that in some way these men were chosen and endowed of God. This is not saying that there is not a very great difference between the inspiration of Shakspeare and of St. Paul. The point for which we are contending is that the possession of great natural gifts, so far from disqualifying one to become the medium of a divine revelation, is in itself a reason for thinking that God would choose such to be the special messenger of his will. How much easier is it to be-

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<sup>1</sup> THE MODERN READER'S BIBLE. A series of works from the sacred Scriptures presented in modern literary form. Edited with Introductions and Notes by Richard G. Moulton, M.A., Ph.D., Professor of Literature in English in the University of Chicago. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1898. Twenty-one volumes, sold separately at 50 cents per volume, or in a set uniformly bound in buckram in a box. Price, \$10.

lieve that one who has already been endowed with poetic genius should have given him the added gift of spiritual insight into the deep things of God!

If we can awaken the same admiration and enthusiasm for a poet like Isaiah that the world now feels for Shakspeare or Milton, much will be gained. It is but a step from admiration to reverence, and men will be much more ready to accept him as a guide and interpreter of the spiritual life than they are now upon the authority of a Church council or upon the absurd and mechanical theory of verbal inspiration. Dr. Moulton has, then, rendered the cause of religion a most valuable and needed service in thus bringing men back to a knowledge and appreciation of the Bible as literature. After all the average man cares no more for theories of inspiration than he cares for theories of the atonement. It is enough if the Bible interprets his spiritual needs and gives expression to his religious aspirations. The most casual observer of our time must be struck with the appalling ignorance that many even intelligent people show of the simplest facts connected with the sacred Scriptures. If we look for the reasons of such ignorance about a book which lies on everybody's table, and whose name is on everybody's lips, they are not hard to find. First there is in our time a great reaction from the old view of the Bible which held that not only was one book as much inspired as another, but that every word in it was the direct and infallible utterance of the Holy Spirit.

Men who read a book not because it was true, or because they wanted to get at its lessons, but because they thought it was safe to read it and unsafe not to read it, will, just as soon as the notion of safety is taken from it, be less ready to care for its truth or to feel its power. This is human nature. Another reason undoubtedly is the forced and fanciful exegesis of many of the clergy which comes of their unnatural way of treating the Bible. The result is that the laity imagine that as a book it is hopelessly unintelligible except to one who has the key to unlock its mysterious meanings.

There is need of every special effort to make men know



the Bible. The Bible class, the expository lecture, the illustrated picture books for the young, none can do too much to familiarize men with the Scriptures. Dr. Moulton's work is just in line with much that is being done to restore the Bible to its place in the hearts of the people. Only his undertaking is of a much more serious nature than anything which has yet been attempted. With the Bible published as literature we can see no valid reason for its being excluded from our public schools and universities. We understand that in Chicago and in Detroit the effort has been made, with some success in Detroit, to introduce a Bible reader into the public schools. Of course, like all reforms, it has met with opposition, but the unreasonableness of such objection is apparent and the end will be that enlightened public sentiment will demand that the Hebrew Scriptures be taught, along with the classic literatures of Greece and Rome.

Why should not a Bible reader be compiled from the choicest selections taken out of the life of Abraham, Joseph, and Moses, with extracts from the Psalms and from Isaiah, and even including the parables of Our Lord and the Sermon on the Mount? What a new insight it would give our boys and girls if they were made to memorize and recite some of the glowing and eloquent orations of Moses or such an impassioned song as that of Deborah in Judges v. Acquaintance with the Bible on its literary and artistic side would give them a taste for reading it that would inevitably lead them to a deeper and wider knowledge than they now possess.

It is one of the paradoxes of our educational system that we practically exclude from school and college any study of the one Book which has done more than any other to form our language, to mold our literature, and whose thought and ideas are woven into the web of our civilization. We are content to go for liberal education to literatures which morally are at opposite poles from ourselves. Much of Greek and Roman literature is only the glorification of the sensuous. It rests upon a false philosophy and is animated by an entirely different conception of life from that which in-

spires men to-day. We do not call attention to these limitations of the classics by way of underestimating their value as necessary factors in any system of higher education, but only to suggest the importance of studying a literature which provides a healthy corrective. But no one can state the educational advantages of such a study of the Hebrew Scriptures better than Dr. Moulton himself. "It is surely good that our youth, during the formative period, should have displayed to them in a literary dress as brilliant as that of Greek literature . . . a people dominated by an utter passion for righteousness, a people whose ideas of piety, of infinite good, of universal order, of faith in the irresistible downfall of all moral evil, moved to a poetic passion as fervid and speech as musical as when Sappho sang of love or Æschylus thundered his deep notes of destiny."

If it be objected that the introduction of the Bible as literature into our public schools and universities will involve the teachers in theological and doctrinal controversies, it may be answered that such need not be the case. The "Modern Reader's Bible," to our mind, has solved that problem by showing that it is possible to treat the Bible as literature, without raising any questions regarding the origin and authenticity of the several books and without advancing any theory of their inspiration. At any rate, if it is not practicable or expedient to make the attempt with the whole Bible, there can be no valid objection to the introduction of selected books and portions of books into the schools.

As a guide to the interpretation of the inner matter and spirit of the sacred Scriptures we believe that an appreciation of its literary forms is essential. This, of course, opens up a whole field of possibilities which we have no time to go into now. But at least there can be no doubt that the forbidding form in which the Bible is usually presented has had much to do with the aversion that many people feel for reading it. To get an idea of the harm which has been done by the arbitrary and misleading chapter and verse arrangement of the Scriptures, let the reader imagine the poems of Chaucer, the plays of Shakspeare, the essays of Macaulay, and the his-

stories of Motley bound together in a single volume; let him suppose the whole reduced to the dead level of prose—the titles of the poems and essays dropped and the divisions made into chapters and sentences. Is it any wonder that the Bible has suffered after passing through such a process as that? Is it any wonder that men, with the exception of a few scholars, have lost all appreciation of the literary beauty and charm of the Hebrew Scriptures?

With the successful completion of Dr. Moulton's admirable undertaking we may look for a large increase of interest in the Bible and for a much better understanding of its meaning. The low price of each volume of the series puts it within the reach of all, while its convenient and attractive size and appearance will add to the effect of its literary excellence.

W. A. GUERRY.

### HENDERSON'S "STONEWALL JACKSON."<sup>1</sup>

THIS biography will probably be accepted as the most impartial work yet published on the civil war in America. No just impeachment of its fairness can be made, whatever may be thought of its defects by critics of style. An English reviewer says in the *Academy* that the author is guilty of many inelegancies of expression, and alludes particularly to his use of the objectionable split infinitive. But it is not necessary for a trained soldier to know and be able to use all the best rules of style in order to write a most attractive biography. The story of the life and death of Stonewall Jackson, America's greatest genius in the art and practice of war, as told by Col. Henderson, will live as long as the language is spoken, in spite of the verbal critics. The large volumes, which are printed in the best possible manner, are supplied with maps and plans that make it easy to understand all the movements described in the text. The author's citations of authorities show the greatest research, and his acquaintance with the topography of the country (Virginia and Maryland) in which the battles he describes were fought is absolutely perfect. It is true that for once he falls into an insular state of mind, which we can readily forgive in an Englishman, when, in telling us of the first battle of Manassas, he describes Bull Run as a stream "of much the same width as the Thames at Oxford."<sup>2</sup> But from such trifles let us pass to the main story.

Thomas Jonathan Jackson was born on the 21st of January, 1824, in Clarksburg, the county seat of Harrison, then one of the counties of Virginia. At the time of his father's death, in 1827, every vestige of property had been swept away. His mother married a second time, but within a year

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<sup>1</sup>STONEWALL JACKSON AND THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR. By Lieut. Col. G. F. R. Henderson. 2 Vols. Longmans, Green & Co., London and New York. 1898.

<sup>2</sup>Vol. I., p. 166.

her little son Thomas stood beside her deathbed, and at the early age of six he was left a penniless orphan with two brothers and a sister who were dependent upon their kinsfolk for a living. While in the eastern part of Virginia the gentlemen who long swayed the councils of the nation constituted a true aristocracy, among whom were many men intimate with the best representatives of European culture, beyond the Alleghanies, where the future warrior grew up, there were no facilities for education, and few youths with leisure to enjoy them had they been offered. Young men had to serve a practical apprenticeship in lumbering and agriculture. Although Jackson's uncle was kind and wealthy, the boy had to work and to fight his own battles. While it was a hard school, it was a good one for a youth destined to be a soldier. From his earliest life he was known for truthfulness, politeness, and good manners. While not repining at his surroundings, he naturally longed for a larger life and continuously hungered for self-improvement. His manliness and earnestness of purpose caused him, at the early age of seventeen, to be appointed a constable of Harrison County, whose duty it was to execute the process of the magistrates' court.

While Jackson was thus growing to manhood Hon. Samuel L. Hays, a citizen and native of Pennsylvania, had removed to Virginia, from which State, as a Democrat, we find him elected to Congress and serving from May 31, 1841, to March 3, 1843, as a member of the twenty-seventh Congress. A vacancy occurred in the West Point cadetship in 1842 from his district. A friendly blacksmith informed Jackson that it existed. He immediately applied for appointment, with the indorsement of every one who knew him, and on going to Washington was given the place on the recommendation of Mr. Hays. Had he lived under the present competitive system of examinations, which Congressmen hold in all the districts of the United States, he would unquestionably have failed of appointment on account of his defective education. It is almost certain that he would not have been appointed, even at that time, from east of the Alleghanies, for the reason



that he was without influential family connections in Old Virginia.

Of his career at West Point and his honorable conduct in the Mexican War we can have nothing to say in this brief review, except that it was continuously upward and onward, as all who knew him anticipated it would be. But his resignation from the army and his life at the Virginia Military Institute is of too great interest to be passed over. In March, 1851, he was appointed Professor of Artillery Tactics and Natural Philosophy in the school at Lexington. It was his duty to lecture upon mathematics, but facts never appeared to him in a varied way so that he could easily and readily communicate them to his class. He had resigned his place in the army and accepted the professorship because he believed that garrison life would destroy him intellectually. In this connection Col. Henderson says:

In the well-stocked library of the institute he found every opportunity of increasing his professional knowledge. He was an untiring reader, and read to learn. The wars of Napoleon were his constant study. He was an enthusiastic admirer of his genius; the swiftness, the daring, and the energy of his movements appealed to his every instinct. Unfortunately, both for the institute and his popularity, it was not his business to lecture on military history. We can well imagine him as a teacher of the art of war, describing to the impressionable youths around him the dramatic incidents of some famous campaign, following step by step the skillful strategy that brought about such victories as Austerlitz and Jenna. The advantage would then have been with his pupils; in the work assigned to him it was the teacher that benefited.<sup>1</sup>

The young professor's religious convictions were profound and his observance of the Sabbath was not in accordance with ordinary usage, even in that stricter period.<sup>2</sup> It is well known that he would not even read a letter nor post one on that day. "No duty, however trivial, was begun without asking or ended without returning thanks." He accepted the Bible literally as his guide, and lived up to all of its teachings as he understood them. He never varied from this course during his period of service in the Confederate States army, although he did not scruple to sleep during the sermons of the army chaplains.<sup>3</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 72, 73.    <sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 76.    <sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 547.

He was thoroughly imbued with the Napoleonic idea that the world was to be conquered by the force of the intellect and devotion to duty. Col. Henderson thinks that there was much in the boyhood of Jackson that resembles the boyhood of Napoleon, and he cites the facts that both were affectionate, that Napoleon lived on bread and water that he might educate his brothers, and that Jackson saved his cadet's pay to give his sister a silk dress.

He had many peculiarities. While studying he sat bolt upright, for fear that if he bent over his work the compression of the internal organs might increase the tendency to an obscure disease with which he believed himself to be threatened.<sup>1</sup> His love of truth knew no bounds, and when once he lost confidence in one whom he trusted he ceased as far as possible to have any further dealings with him.<sup>2</sup> His literal accuracy of statement was construed as the mark of a narrow intellect, and his great modesty served to keep him in the background. It is certain that by the public he was thoroughly misunderstood. Col. Henderson thinks the calumny of Whittier's "Barbara Fritchie" may have found its source in the impression made upon his acquaintances in Lexington, who were out of sympathy with his high ideal of life and duty.<sup>3</sup> Be that as it may, the simple pages of his life as told by his widow present an almost ideal picture of domestic happiness, undimmed by the faintest glimpse of austerity or gloom.

With the exception of a short visit to Europe, he never traveled save in his own country. When the John Brown raid occurred, in 1859, the man whom we all know now as Stonewall Jackson remained hidden from public view, yet it is now clear that he had been cultivating in quiet that "marked intellectual capacity" which, as our author well says, "is the chief characteristic of the most famous soldiers. Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, Marlborough, Washington, Frederick, Napoleon, Wellington, and Nelson were each and all of them something more than fighting men. Few of

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<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 26.    <sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 77.    <sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 80.

their age rivaled them in strength of intellect. It was this, combined with the best qualities of Ney and Blücher, that made them masters of strategy, and lifted them high above those who were tacticians and nothing more; and it was this that Jackson cultivated at Lexington."<sup>1</sup>

He left Lexington for service in the Confederate army when he was thirty-five, having spent ten years there. He was about to become one of the chief actors in the most tremendous conflict ever waged on this continent, a conflict the merits of which have never been more fairly set forth than they are by Col. Henderson when he says: "I am very strongly of the opinion that any fair-minded man may feel equal sympathy with both Federal and Confederate. Both were so absolutely convinced that their cause was just, that it is impossible to conceive either Northerner or Southerner acting otherwise than as he did. If Stonewall Jackson had been a New Englander, educated in the belief that secession was rebellion, he would assuredly have shed the last drop of his blood in defense of the Union; if Ulysses Grant had been a Virginian, imbibing the doctrine of State rights with his mother's milk, it is just as certain that he would have worn the Confederate gray. It is with those Northerners who would have allowed the Union to be broken, and with those Southerners who would have tamely surrendered their hereditary rights, that no Englishman would be willing to claim kinship."<sup>2</sup>

The causes of the war have been stated with equal fairness by our author. He well says that, had the calumnies of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which were scattered broadcast by the abolitionists, possessed more than a vestige of truth, men like Lee and Jackson would never have remained silent. In the minds of the Northern people slavery was associated with atrocious cruelty and continual suffering. But in the eyes of the people of the South it was associated with great kindness and the most affectionate relations between the planters and their bondsmen. But let us let our author speak:

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<sup>1</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 94. <sup>2</sup>Preface, p. 13.

Slavery was recognized in fifteen States of the Union. In the North it had long been abolished, but this made no difference to its existence in the South. The States which composed the Union were semi-independent communities, with their own legislatures, their own magistrates, their own militia, and the power of the purse. How far their sovereign rights extended was a matter of contention; but, under the terms of the constitution, slavery was a domestic institution, which each individual State was at liberty to retain or discard at will, and over which the Federal government had no control whatever. Congress would have been no more justified in declaring that the slaves in Virginia were free men than in demanding that Russian conspirators should be tried by jury. Nor was the philanthropy of the Northern people, generally speaking, of an enthusiastic nature. The majority regarded slavery as a necessary evil; and, if they deplored the reproach to the republic, they made little parade of their sentiments. A large number of Southerners believed it to be the happiest condition for the African race; but the best men, especially in the border States, of which Virginia was the principal, would have welcomed emancipation. But neither Northerner nor Southerner saw a practicable method of giving freedom to the negro. Such a measure, if carried out in its entirety, meant ruin to the South. Cotton and tobacco, the principal and most lucrative crops, required an immense number of hands, and in those hands—his negro slaves—the capital of the planter was locked up. Emancipation would have swept the whole of this capital away. Compensation, the remedy applied by England to Jamaica and South Africa, was hardly to be thought of. Instead of twenty millions sterling, it would have cost four hundred millions. It is doubtful, too, if compensation would have staved off the ruin of the planters. The labor of the free negro, naturally indolent and improvident, was well known to be most inefficient, as compared with that of the slave. For some years, to say the least, after emancipation it would have been impossible to work the plantation except at heavy loss. Moreover, abolition, in the judgment of all who knew him, meant ruin to the negro. Under the systems of the plantations, honesty and morality were gradually being instilled into the colored race. But these virtues had, as yet, made little progress; the Christianity of the slaves was but skin-deep; and if all restraints were removed, if the old ties were broken, and the influence of the planter and his family should cease to operate, it was only too probable that the four millions of Africans would relapse into the barbaric vices of their original condition. The hideous massacres which had followed emancipation in San Domingo had not yet been forgotten. It is little wonder, then, that the majority shrank from a problem involving such tremendous consequences."<sup>1</sup>

The charge that secession was intended to preserve slavery was concocted by the abolitionists to cloak their own revolt against the constitution. There were 8,300,000 whites in the fifteen slaveholding States; only 346,000 were slave-

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<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 97-99.

holders, and of these 69,000 owned only one negro each. "Secession in fact was a protest against mob rule."<sup>1</sup> The people were thoroughly imbued with the idea that secession was right, and that the State, as a State, was a separate unit which could be severed from the Union whenever the people thought proper to exercise such right. The idea of national unity had taken possession of the Northern people, but it had found no substantial support at the South. It is doubtless true that Jackson would not have established slavery; but it was no stumbling-block to him, for he saw it authorized in the Bible. The people of the North were firmly resolved to preserve the unity of the nation, and the people of the South were equally firmly resolved to disrupt it. The South from the beginning had to contend against "overwhelming numbers and resources," but both sections rose with equal unanimity and the most unshakable resolution.

While the nucleus of the regular army and all the navy remained with the North, neither side realized in 1861, or for a considerable period of time afterwards, the great magnitude of the struggle. The immensity of the theater of war was appalling. The city of Atlanta, which may be considered as the heart of the Confederacy, was sixty days' march from the Potomac, the same distance as Vienna from the English Channel or Moscow from the Niemen. New Orleans, the commercial metropolis, was thirty-six days' march from the Ohio, the same distance as Berlin from the Moselle.

The armies on both sides were without a trained staff or an efficient administration. Among the men in power there was no clear understanding of the difficulties to be overcome. A march of eighty or one hundred miles into the enemy's country sounds like a simple feat, but unless every detail has been most carefully thought out, it will most probably be more disastrous than a lost battle. "A march of two or three hundred miles is a great military operation; a march of six hundred, an enterprise of which there are few examples."<sup>2</sup> All these difficulties and many others both sides

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<sup>1</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 114.    <sup>2</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 130.



had to contend with at the famous first battle of Manassas. It is not here necessary to tell how the gallant South Carolinian, Gen. Bee, gave Jackson at the head of his stanch Virginians on that famous field the immortal name of "Stonewall," nor to attempt to unweave that web of reasons why the Federals lost the fight and why the Southern troops stopped the pursuit, which had degenerated into an ignominious flight of McDowell's men for the defenses of Washington. It is certain that for three days Jackson waited for the order to advance, his men having three days' cooked rations in their haversacks. But his superiors gave no sign, and he was reluctantly compelled to give up all hopes of reaping the fruits of victory. He went into that fight almost unknown; he came out of it recognized as a great military genius.

Very shortly afterwards he was ordered to the Valley of Virginia. His marches and battles there have most frequently been compared with those of the great Napoleon in his campaign in Italy. He demonstrated the fallacy of passive defense; and while the strategy which sent him there might have been suggested by Gen. Lee, his movements in the field, both tactical and strategic, were entirely his own. From the fight at Kernstown to his splendid handling of Banks and Shields at Cross Keys and Port Republic there was a continuous series of brilliant victories. He made no mistakes; and had his men been veteran soldiers, there is no evidence that Napoleon himself could have obtained better results from them. All the world knows that Napoleon's Italian campaign of 1796 was wonderful, but Col. Henderson questions whether in some respects Stonewall Jackson's Valley campaign was not more brilliant.

The odds against the Confederates were far greater than against the French. Jackson had to deal with a homogeneous enemy, with generals anxious to render each other loyal support, and not with the contingents of different States. His marches were far longer than Napoleon's. The theater of war was not less difficult. His troops were not veterans, but in great part the very rawest of recruits. The enemy's officers and soldiers were not inferior to his own; their leaders were at least equal in capacity to Colli, Beaulieu, and Alvinzi, and the statesmen who directed them were not more purblind than the Aulic Council. Moreover, Jack-

son was merely the commander of a detached force, which might at any moment be required at Richmond. The risks which Napoleon freely accepted he could not afford. He dared not deliver battle unless he was certain of success, and his one preoccupation was to lose as few men as possible. But be this as it may, in the secrecy of the Confederate movements, the rapidity of the marches, and the skillful use of topographical features, the Valley campaign bears strong traces of Napoleonic methods."<sup>1</sup>

In these famous campaigns Jackson first used his cavalry as a veil to cover his movements as Von Moltke afterwards so successfully did in his invasion of France in 1870. In fact, the conditions under which cavalry can be now used in war were thoroughly understood and appreciated by Jackson—perhaps better than by any other officer on either side. He thought that military success in the field was largely dependent upon concealing his movements from the enemy, and the use he made of his cavalry was for this purpose.

It is very evident that his men did not understand the importance of discipline. Many uncritical estimates have been published of the alleged superiority of the Southern over the Northern soldiers. In point of fact there was no such difference. Neither side, 1 Col. Henderson's opinion, can claim a superiority of martial qualities. At the beginning of the war the Confederates probably had a more technical skill, being better shots and finer riders. "But they were neither braver nor more enduring, and while they probably derived some advantage from the fact that they were defending their homes, the Federals, defending the integrity of their native land, were fighting in the noblest of all causes." The assertion, so often met, that the Union armies were mainly composed of mercenary foreigners is not founded upon facts. "At no period of the war did the proportion of native Americans serving in the Northern armies sink below seventy per cent."<sup>2</sup>

These fighting qualities must be taken into account by all those who would form a correct idea of the magnitude of the struggle and of the splendid leadership of Stonewall Jackson in the Valley, at Gaines's Mill, Fredericksburg, Cedar

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<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 515-517. <sup>2</sup> Vol. II. p. 418.

Run, the bloody battle of Second Manassas, and indeed all the battles in which he took a part. Notwithstanding their valor, it is more than probable that the Southern soldiers never fully understood the importance of discipline. It is a very general impression in America that patriotism and intelligence are of vastly more importance than the habit of obedience. This false conception should have been effectually dispelled—certainly in the North—by the battle of Bull Run; but it was not, and much was said about the "thinking bayonet," and the term "machine-made soldier," used by Gen. D. H. Hill, was a term of reproach. The same idea lasted to the end in the South, and gives our author occasion for the following weighty paragraphs:

In fact, the Southern soldier, ignorant at the outset of what may be accomplished by discipline, never quite got rid of the belief that the enthusiasm of the individual, his good will, and his native courage were a more than sufficient substitute. "The spirit which animates our soldiers," wrote Lee, "and the natural courage with which they are so liberally endowed, have led to a reliance upon these good qualities, to the neglect of measures which would increase their efficiency and contribute to their safety." Yet the soldier was hardly to blame. Neither he nor his regimental officers had any previous knowledge of war when they were suddenly launched against the enemy, and there was no time to instill into them the habits of discipline. There was no regular army to set them an example; no historic force whose traditions they would unconsciously have adopted. The exigencies of the service forbade the men being retained in camps of instruction, and trained instructors could not be spared from more important duties.

Such ignorance, however, as that which prevailed in the Southern ranks is not always excusable. It would be well for those who pose as the friends of the private soldier, as his protectors from injustice, to realize the mischief they may do by injudicious sympathy. The process of being broken to discipline is undoubtedly galling to the instincts of freemen, and it is beyond question that among a multitude of superiors some will be found who are neither just nor considerate. Instances of hardship must inevitably occur. But men and officers—for discipline presses as hard on the officers as on the men—must obey, no matter at what cost to their feelings; for obedience to orders, instant and unhesitating, is not only the lifeblood of armies but the security of States; and the doctrine that, under any conditions whatever, deliberate disobedience can be justified is treason to the commonwealth.<sup>1</sup>

Jackson's success was due largely to his constant prepa-

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<sup>1</sup>*Ibid.*, pp. 443, 444.

ration in advance. He thought out the whole scheme of advance or retreat down to the minutest particulars, not even overlooking the most trivial details. The great Napoleon said that it was not genius that revealed to him suddenly and secretly what he should do in circumstances unsuspected by others; it was thought and meditation.<sup>1</sup> Jackson all his life possessed the power of intense concentration of thought and purpose. While he had this power to the highest degree, he was also careful to conceal his purposes and plans even from his officers. He held but one council of war.<sup>2</sup> He told his famous medical director, Dr. Hunter McGuire, when it was over, in a most savage tone: "That is the last council of war I will ever hold." It was his opinion that the best test of merit is success, and he fearlessly said: "The service cannot afford to keep a man who does not succeed."<sup>3</sup> That is the only test of merit which stops all critics, and the time will probably never come when the world will recognize any other.

Critics have charged that Jackson was late at the battle of Gaines's Mill. This cannot be denied; but the roads were obstructed and the bridges had been destroyed, and, in the opinion of the most competent military writers, he did all that could be expected of him. His failure to make a complete rout of the Federal army in any of the battles he fought was in no way owing to his neglect of the rules of war. It is now certain that he never fought any battle in which he was not immensely outnumbered at every point except that of attack. His last battle, the battle of Chancellorsville, was his greatest; and had he lived to finish it, it is more than probable that it would have resulted in the destruction of the Union army.

The Federals had intrenched themselves, and it was the opinion of the staff officers of Jackson, who had reconnoitered the enemy's front, that the position was practically impregnable from front attack. But Gen. J. E. B. Stuart reported that the weak point of the position was on the right. "Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, to whose skill and activity the

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<sup>1</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 482. <sup>2</sup>Vol. I., pp. 282, 283. <sup>3</sup>Vol. II., p. 421.

victory at Chancellorsville was in great part due, had discovered that the Federal right, on the plank road, was completely in the air—that is, it was protected by no natural obstacle, and the breastworks faced south, and south only. It was evident that attack from the west or northwest was not anticipated, and Lee at once seized upon the chance of effecting a surprise.”<sup>1</sup>

Jackson led the great movement for the famous flank march. Of the complete surprise attending this movement the story is too long to tell here. The flank march was a long one, and the troops under Jackson were not ready for attack at the firing line until 6 P.M. of May 2, 1863. Their leader, “watch in hand, sat silent on ‘Little Sorrel,’ his slouched hat down low over his eyes, and his lips tightly compressed.” On his right was Gen. Rodes, and on Rodes’s right was Maj. Blackford. “Are you ready, Gen. Rodes?” asked Jackson. “Yes, sir,” was the reply. “You can go forward, sir,” said Jackson, and at a nod from Rodes Blackford ordered the bugle to sound the charge. It was the last order to charge Jackson was to hear, and the last time he was to lead his famous foot cavalry to victory. Into the wilderness they dashed, and he again heard above the roar of battle the thrilling rebel yell. The overwhelming rush of the Confederates was irresistible. Stonewall Jackson, in the gathering darkness and while within the firing line, was mistaken for the enemy and fired upon by the Eighteenth North Carolina. He was struck by three bullets, one in the right hand and two in the left arm, cutting the main artery and crushing the bone below the shoulder. Amputation was necessary, and he contracted pneumonia and died on May 10 as a heroic soldier should, before the noise of the battle had ceased. In his last hours his mind wandered. For some time he was unconscious, and then he cried out suddenly: “Order A. P. Hill to prepare for action! Pass the infantry to the front! Tell Maj. Hawks”—then he stopped, leaving the sentence unfinished. A little while before the end came he said quietly: “Let us cross

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<sup>1</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 529.



over the river and rest under the shade of the trees," and the heart of America's greatest soldier had ceased to beat forever.

Stonewall Jackson was greater than any of the marshals of Napoleon, and after his death Lee never again attempted those great turning movements which had won his most brilliant victories. The reason for it was not far to seek: "There was not left in the army of the Confederacy a general to whom he dared confide the charge of the detached wing, and in possessing one such general he had been more fortunate than Napoleon."<sup>1</sup>

Space fails us for any account of Col. Henderson's rating of Jackson with other great generals, interesting as his pages are. He finds it hard to make the comparison with Lee, thinks him greater on the whole than Grant (to whom he is nevertheless just), and finds many traces of likeness to Wellington. His book leaves one almost with the impression that if Jackson had lived the Southern Confederacy would have established its independence. At least its perusal will force every candid reader to take a pride in this wonderful man, who always rose equal to every occasion, and to rejoice in his fame as a common heritage for all good Americans.<sup>2</sup>

S. S. P. PATTESON.

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<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 243.

<sup>2</sup> We have found but one mistake of any consequence in Col. Henderson's book. He speaks of Gen. Dick Taylor, the brother-in-law of Mr. Davis, as a graduate of West Point. He was, in fact, never at West Point, but was with his father, Gen. Zachary Taylor, at the army posts, while he was a youth.

## REVIEWS.

### "MASSACHUSETTS ELECTION SERMONS."

MANY gleanings for the curious in our early history, much amusement for the humorously minded, and perhaps some edification for the serious may be gathered from Lindsay Swift's popular pamphlet with the above title, recently reprinted from the publications of the Colonial Society of Massachusetts. Election sermons began to be preached in Boston in 1661. They were continued with but thirteen breaks until 1884. From the first, or perhaps we should say especially at first, they were written in the devout belief that religion and law were closely connected. They undertook by exhortation and commination to influence elections and legislation, though seldom, it would seem, with much success even in the palmy days of the Puritan commonwealth. Rare it was to hear an *irenicon* like that preached in 1637 by Thomas Shepherd, "the gracious, sweet, heavenly-minded, and soul-ravishing minister," who, when John Wheelwright had been condemned for sedition because he preached "against all who walked in a covenant of works," muddled both parties, Winthrop tells us, "so as, except men of good understanding and such as knew the bottom of the tenets of those of the other party, few could see where the difference was." We learn, however, from the same authority that an auditor of this same Shepherd was once so "wounded in conscience" at his preaching that "he drowned himself in a little pit where was not above two-foot water."

The colonists of those days were a race of politicians, and Mather's ideal clergy, "a speaking aristocracy in the face of a silent democracy," remained a pious aspiration. Even as early as 1643 Ezechiel Rogers is accused of fostering "that democratical spirit which acts our deputies," and was apparently refused the usual "leave to print." Indeed, there was

then a very strict censorship of the New England press, for in 1669 the "Imitation of Christ" was refused an *imprimatur*, as the work of a "popish minister."

The unconscionable length of these "composures," as they are happily designated, is startling. One is not surprised to find Symmes described by Mather as a "painful minister" and "a sufferer for what he preached," when from another source we learn that he "continued in preaching and prayer about the space of four or five hours;" and he was by no means alone in the feat, being equaled at least by that Higginson of whom it is written:

Young to the pulpit he did get,  
And seventy-two years in't did sweat.

The best of these early preachers was Stoughton, to whom we owe the proud words paraphrased by Longfellow in his "Courtship of Miles Standish:" "God sifted a whole nation that he might send a choice grain over into this wilderness." For the greater part, however, these sermons are as hard and rocky as the soil of the Berkshire hills. "'Tis Satan's policy," says Shepherd, "to plead for an indefinite and boundless toleration." Laud is to them "a bear," "a ravening wolf," and "a fox;" the Quakers, "a brood of the serpent;" and "such as escape the lime pit of pharisaical hypocrisy fall into the coal pit of Sadducean atheism and Epicureanism." As late as 1677 we read of "hideous clamors for liberty of conscience." If they had been heeded, perhaps the preacher of 1678 would have escaped imprisonment for libel. He had called Edmund Randolph a "wicked man."

Among the humors of the seventeenth century pulpit surely a place is due to Willard's "I am far from pleading for or justifying anything that looks like enthusiasm." There is something, too, delightfully naïve in Hubbard's plea for rotation in office, especially that of treasurers, "whose places, by reason of the profit they are usually attended with, are more liable to temptation and corruption." And this in 1676. However, the clergy of that day were by no means

proud of their flocks. A certain William Adams in 1685 describes his congregation as "low worms," not only "proud, haughty, high-minded, supercilious, self-exacting, arrogant," but also "sensual, intemperate, corrupt, fleshly, lascivious, covetous, unjust, oppressive," and even—O horror!—"company keepers" who "sit and spend time with vain persons." "That the great God should look upon such nothings is a great stoop." Cotton Mather is more philosophical. "Indeed," he says in 1700, "New England is not heaven. That we are sure of! But for my part I do not ask remove out of New England except for remove unto heaven." Even the gloomy Noyes in 1698 was constrained to admit that "it cannot with truth be asserted that as yet we are as bad as bad can be; for there is real danger of growing worse," and in 1705 the complacent Estabrook claims for New England as large a percentage of "real saints" as for any land in the world. Smug self-righteousness reached its climax, however, in 1715, when among the singular mercies of God to New England it is reckoned that "He swept away thousands of those savage Tawnies with a mortal plague to make room for better people." On the other hand, John Swift counts it among the "*horribilia de Deo*" that "some would induce us to believe that hell fire is shortly to be quenched," a thought most grievous to pious souls, for in 1736 we find Loring exhorting his brethren to "preach up the doctrine of hell torments."

These are a few gleanings from rich fields where we may find George III. compared to Nero and Harvard College described as consisting of "eight or ten young fellows sitting around smoking tobacco." There are portents of the A. P. A., and of Know-Nothingism, and a quite outrageous case of plagiarism to match those of the modern pulpit. But the most interesting personality that greets us is surely Samuel Sewall, that New England Pepys. He was not a preacher, but he had a wonderful faith in election sermons, and used to carry one or more in his pockets and read or present them to friends. He was, as Mr. Swift remarks, perhaps the only human being who ever thought of using an election sermon

as a philter to excite the tender emotions of love. The genial widower tells us in his diary that Mrs. Ruggles, the object of his famous unsuccessful suit, "made some difficulty to accept an election sermon lest it should be some obligation on her." But the appetite for them seems to have grown, for later she took, apparently without resistance, "Mr. Moody's election sermon, marbled, with her name writ in it." Unfortunately the sermons came but once a year. Mrs. Ruggles could hardly have resisted the frequent repetition of such blandishments.

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NEW STUDIES IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

A SHORT HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. By George Saintsbury. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1898. \$1.50.

ENGLISH LITERATURE FROM THE BEGINNING TO THE NORMAN CONQUEST. By Stopford A. Brooke. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1898. \$1.50.

Of these two excellent books the former dismisses in thirty-seven pages what the latter treats in a volume. Moreover, admiring critics of Mr. Saintsbury, and the present writer counts himself of that company, must admit that these thirty-seven pages are decidedly the least satisfactory of the whole eight hundred that make up this brilliant and original survey of a subject that seems almost beyond the research of a single lifetime. It is natural, therefore, that we should speak first of Mr. Brooke's volume, which seems to range itself naturally in the series with Mr. Saintsbury's "Elizabethan" and "Nineteenth Century Literature" and Mr. Gosse's "Literature of the Eighteenth Century."

The title will suggest what the author avows: that the book, up to page 211, is a recasting and reduction by about two-thirds of the author's "History of Early English Literature" of 1892, which was noticed in the first volume of this REVIEW. The work has gained much by condensation and still more by the six intervening years of study. Its judgments are more independent, and often more judicious, especially in the attribution of authorship, and it has attained almost



entire consistency in the spelling of proper names. It measures more accurately the part of each race in the upbuilding of English literature. Indeed, we should regard the first chapter of the new book on the relation of early Britain to English literature as one of the most suggestive studies in racial psychology that we know. Even the Neolithic peoples have left traces in the folklore and attitude toward nature of the Brythons and Goidels, whose own nature, modified by Roman civilization and Christianity, exercised a noteworthy influence especially on the North of England, whence the peculiar character of its poetry.

The wholly new part of the book, from page 212 to 307, gives an excellent account of the literary aspirations, achievements, and disappointments of King Alfred and of the rapid decay of poetry and the brief revival of prose, some seventy years before the Conquest. Alfred, he thinks, had no originality as a worker in literature, no creative power, but he was a good receiver and reproducer of knowledge, and his style is original and effective, simple and agreeable. He wished, above all, to be clear and useful, but he was animated and warmed throughout by a deep feeling for his people. Yet the time was not ripe for him, and we feel that a sadness creeps over his literary work toward the close. Commendable is the brief account of Elfric and the homilists, in chapter 17, and the few thoughtful pages at the close of the same chapter on the compound nature of English literature are worthy of careful attention. Not the least attractive features of the book are the appendix of metrical translations from the Anglo-Saxon and the useful bibliography.

Coming now to Mr. Saintsbury's book, what shall we say save that he has most creditably attempted a task that no man will ever wholly accomplish? A diligent reader may have first-hand knowledge of all significant English writing from Finnsburg to Swinburne. It is conceivable that he may even have a critical opinion of it. But it is impossible that he can bring to his aid the apparatus of special study that has gathered about each period and author. Shall we

then resign ourselves to composite histories of literature like the huge volumes of Petit de Julleville's undertaking in France that already "lies stretching many a rood" on our shelves; or, shall we, for the sake of unity of impression, forego the minute accuracy of a meticulous scholarship? For my part, I prefer to cast my lot with Mr. Saintsbury. I think he is mistaken more than once. Occasionally I am almost sure that I catch him in an error of fact or date; but it is a refreshment to be rid of the composite photograph in criticism, to read opinions that come fresh from the reading of the works they criticise, not filtered through the recollection of what one is supposed to think if he will pose as a safe guide. Mr. Saintsbury is always himself through all these eight hundred well-filled pages, and we have found him not always infallible, but always most genial and excellent company.

B. W. W.

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#### A NEW VIEW OF LITERATURE.

MANUAL OF THE HISTORY OF FRENCH LITERATURE. By Ferdinand Brunetière, of the French Academy. Authorized translation by Ralph Derchef. New York: Crowell. \$2.

A new manual, not merely a recasting of old material, but a book on a wholly new plan, from a new point of view, with new aims and new incentives to study—such is M. Brunetière's treatise, epoch-making last year in France, and full of valuable lessons for American teachers and students also. The English edition differs slightly from the French. We will consider first the differences, that we may then speak of both versions together. On the whole we think most students will prefer the English form. It is, to be sure, somewhat more expensive, but the typography is clearer; and, though we miss something of the vivacity of the French style, the translation is generally accurate. Then, too, this translation has the advantage of numerous portraits, including that of the author, and more than all it has a special "Preface to the English Edition," in which M. Brunetière defines his theory of literary evolution.

Not indeed that he wholly accepts that doctrine, and still less its supposed scientific consequences, to which he interposes the *caveat* that we have learned to expect in his work since the great critic became an ultramontane neophyte and scorner of the *intellectuels* of France in articles that have been almost as great a surprise as they were a disappointment and a pain; but he is still prepared to apply evolution to literature, where, as he says, "it is a method as well as a doctrine." He tries, therefore, to present the perpetually changing succession of ideas, authors, and works in French literature from the genealogical standpoint. Not indeed as though he failed to take account of the irreducible and incommensurable individuality of the great authors, or to realize that it is precisely this that is most interesting in studying them; but because he feels that with this characteristic element no method can treat, nor need it; for exceptionally endowed individuals occur also, and are in fact found to be inevitable, in all forms of natural selection, giving perhaps a new direction to development, but not breaking its continuity.

In a slowly developing *genre* in which the differentiation is almost imperceptible there will arise suddenly, without apparent warning, "without its being possible to give the reason, a Shakspeare, a Molière, or a Richardson; and forthwith not only is the variety modified, but new species have come into being: psychological drama, the comedy of character, the novel of manners. . . . It is in vain that the older species attempt to struggle. Their fate is sealed in advance. The successors of Richardson, Molière, and Shakspeare copy these unattainable models, until, their fecundity being exhausted—and by their fecundity I mean their aptitude with kindred and rival species—the imitation is changed into a routine which becomes a source of weakness, impoverishment, and death for the species." To study literature thus does not detract from the originality of great writers, for "it is precisely their individuality that is responsible for the constitution of new species and, in consequence, for the evolution of literature." So the method conciliates and combines

"hero worship" with the doctrine of slowly operating influences and the action of contemporary circumstances.

We have dwelt on this new "Preface" at some length, because it is the author's own statement of what he has tried to do. We come now to the book itself, which, so far as we see or as is stated, is the unchanged French original. This also is unique in form and method. An essay on the factors in the evolution of French literature, in which few writers are named, and no books discussed as books but only as typical of tendencies or as forebodings or causes of change, occupies the upper half of the page. Below, in little jets of thought, are a multitude of bibliographical notes, references, hints for investigators, suggestions for monographs, that afford perpetual stimulation to the student, while removing from the connected exposition all that could check the genial flow of his general thesis, the presentation of the written thought of his country as a living organism, from its first struggling into being, toward the middle of the ninth century, till the close of the third quarter of our own.

He abandons the old-fashioned division into centuries as obviously unscientific. The division of literature by *genres* that he had himself urged in former times is now thought to be misleading and is exchanged for a division by epochs, which are shown first in their obscure origins and transitional stages, then in their masterpieces, and finally in their influence on the future. So the whole essay comes to have a continuity of movement, of evolution and devolution, in which the mind is nowhere arrested by those eddies in the current that tend to form themselves around great names, when the presence of their contemporaries is no longer felt as they and their public felt it.

It is quite true that literature proceeds not only from itself and from the desire of change for the sake of change, but also that it is affected by race and environment. But M. Brunetière is far from attributing to these influences the same power that is accorded them by Taine. "We should not multiply causes needlessly," he says, "nor, under pretext that literature is the expression of society, confound the

history of literature with that of manners," though it is extremely interesting to trace their interrelations or concurrent manifestations of like causes, as one may see, for instance, in Professor White's "*Philosophy of English Literature.*"

What we have noted with particular interest as a result of M. Brunetière's method is the clear way in which it is made to appear that great achievement rises always on stepping-stones of failure. These forgotten pioneers have far more to teach us than "the needy nothing trimmed in jollity" of successful imitators. "They explain great works because they prepare them," while no imitation explains aught in its model. "So they transform the tie of history from a chronological or purely logical one into a genealogical bond of descent."

Another result of this theory is that work is judged not by its conformity with any absolute standard of excellence or by its importance to us, but solely for its place in that artistic life whose growth we are watching, and in fixing that place the notes are of especial value, almost as much for what they omit as for the excellent classification of what they retain.

The "*Manual*" is one of those invaluable and rather rare books from which he who knows most of the subject will draw most suggestion and profit. One who has spent a large part of his life in the study of French literature, who finds himself as he reads constantly pausing over some new point of view or line of investigation or unknown document or other source of information, may be pardoned a little skepticism as to the usefulness of the essay as a "text-book for schools and colleges." It will seem to such a one that there is very much—we had almost said more than half—that the average reader will either not understand or misunderstand. A single instance from page 129 may suffice: "Why is it," he asks, "that Euphuism in England, Marinism in Italy, or Gongorism in Spain, did not exert the same influence as was exercised among us by preciosity?" And without defining one of these four terms, he answers: "The reason is that the purely literary side of the movement was overruled in France by its social side, the desire to be pe-



culiar by the need that this peculiarity should find a host of admirers." Now precisely what the author means by "social side" we shall not discover till we have finished the volume, though we shall find some elaboration of his thought in the notes below pages 107 to 112, in jottings that claim the admiring attention of those who can understand them, but are surely "caviare to the general."

But while we doubt if this book can be used with satisfaction as a text-book, there is probably no student of French literature who cannot draw inspiration from it; and we welcome it most heartily in its English dress, trusting that this reappearance of M. Brunetière, the sound and perspicuous critic, may do something to efface from the public nostril the evil odor of M. Brunetière, the strange apologist for obscurantism, bitter prejudice, and racial hatred, that have made in these latter days so melancholy a spectacle of his fatherland.

B. W. W.

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#### THE MAKING OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

THE BUILDING OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE. The story of England's growth from Elizabeth to Victoria. By Alfred Thomas Story. 2 vols. Putnam's, \$3.

"How many things by season seasoned are," says Shakspeare, and the words rise many times to our lips as we read these last volumes in the well-known "Stories of the Nations," an admirable series, already counting some fifty volumes, for which the publishers have now furnished a style of binding that better comports with its permanent claim to a place on our shelves. Coming, as it did, on the eve of our war with Spain, this book was seasonable, for it tells of that glorious struggle of our race, first for existence and then for mastery, against the tyranny and the grasping ambition of monarchs who strove to give laws to both hemispheres and to lay on the souls as well as the bodies of men burdens too grievous to be borne. And again the book is seasonable because it tells us of the glory of the Anglo-Saxon race just at a time when history is forcing us to see

that blood is thicker than water, that those who are of one blood should be of one fellowship, that we Americans and Englishmen have a common glory in the past and a common mission in the future, a mission that we can fulfill only by standing shoulder to shoulder, if need be, against the world. As we read these volumes they put iron in our blood; we feel that against such men as those who have made the British Empire and the larger communion of the English-speaking peoples, if they are united in action and in heart, nothing can prevail, and nothing should prevail; for we stand and have always stood among the nations for liberty, order, civilization, and peace.

Mr. Story begins his narrative with a brief fresco sketch of England as Elizabeth found it, a land of fighters, "free, stout, haughty, prodigal of life and blood," as one of themselves observed, bold beyond the verge of prudence and with blood coursing freer in their veins since Mary had died and Philip had been bidden to get him home and leave England and England's conscience to Englishmen. But if the English were rich in character and heart, they had need of these qualities to enter on so unequal a struggle. Spain was then the richest nation in the world, and her arms were the terror of a whole continent. But it was her abuse of her strength that was to prove her downfall. By crushing out liberty at home she stimulated it abroad, by desolating the Netherlands she made England a hive of industry; the aggressions of Spain provoked the making of Greater Britain.

It is a stirring story, and Mr. Story tells it stirringly; or shall we not rather say that it tells itself? Is it possible to make the daring deeds of Hawkins and of Drake and of Richard Grenville uninteresting as long as there is fire in men's hearts? That these men, at least Drake and Hawkins, were not ideal Christians is very true; but they were ideal founders of an empire, making "privateering profitable to the adventurers as also to the whole nation," as Hakluyt remarks; suffering cruelly at times, as was natural since they were dealing with a race whose ideas of honor and honesty and truth, and indeed of decency in general,

were radically different from their own. But even their sufferings were not in vain. For the struggle they had before them it was necessary that the treachery and barbarity of Spain should be indelibly burned into the mind of every Englishman. Those were no times for squeamishness. They were times when the future of the race depended on crushing the powers of darkness that were arrayed against it, and those powers to the men of that day came to mean Spain; they were incarnate in Philip II., and, though toothless now and weakly tottering to their fall, they still possess the Spanish monarchy and aristocracy of to-day. That for which our people are fighting now is the completion of the task for which the English fought then, and, as we look back through the past three centuries and a half, it has seemed to some as though our sword, like that of Elizabeth's captains, were dipped in heaven.

It is a glorious story, that of the rescue of the *Minion* and the *Judith* from the harbor of San Juan de Lua, of Drake's exploits in the Spanish main and of his "singeing of the Spanish king's beard" in the harbor of Cadiz, of his capture of *Nombre de Dios* and of his voyage round the world. No wonder that he was regarded by his fellow-Englishmen somewhat in the light of a magician. "With a ship no larger than many of the pleasure yachts of the present day he entered the charmed region whence the king of Spain drew the treasures with which he lorded it over the world, bearded his great admirals and captains in their ports and carried away what riches he pleased, thence making his way through to him unknown seas, and running a complete furrow around the earth."

Nor were others far behind these pioneers. The names of Frobisher and Gilbert and Cavendish and many others were as familiar to the Spaniards as they should be to all of us who boast the Anglo-Saxon blood, even before the defeat of the Armada had broken the spell that hid the real weakness of this great image with its feet of clay. That great event in the world's history is stirringly told, but the glory of England in those days was illustrated almost as

much by its defeats as by its victories. For fifteen hours Sir Richard Grenville fought fifteen Spanish ships off the island of Flores, and when at last they gave up the unequal struggle but twenty men of her hundred and fifty were alive, and not a man without a wound. And when, two days later, Sir Richard died, it may well have been, as he said, "with a joyful and quiet mind, for that I have ended my life as a true soldier ought to do, and shall always leave behind the everlasting fame of a valiant and true soldier." It is memories like these that make us realize what England asks when she "expects that every man will do his duty."

The scene changes as Mr. Story pursues his narrative, but the spirit remains the same in India, the North American colonies, or the West Indies, and again when the enemy is no longer Spain, but France. Save for the sad episode of the American fratricidal war there is no page here that has not its glory, and even that was destined to increase the power, and the power for good, of the Anglo-Saxon stock. For a time England had to struggle single-handed against Napoleon, and for a time against Napoleon and ourselves, but surely the day has passed when the Anglo-Saxon race will consent, or can afford, ever to waste in brotherly strife energies all of which may yet be needed in a common struggle for a common cause and a universal freedom.

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PERRY'S "WOMEN OF HOMER."

THE WOMEN OF HOMER. By Walter Copeland Perry. New York : Dodd, Mead & Co. 1898.

In 1882 Mr. Walter C. Perry published what has remained the best general work on Greek and Roman sculpture. There are more erudite treatises on special topics; authorities may differ as to the correctness of particular conclusions, such as the importance to be attributed to the Stroganoff Apollo in the interpretation of the Apollo Belvedere; but for beauty of style, clearness of presentation, and in the exposition of sculpture as the crowning glory of Greek genius, and the supreme expression of Greek thought, in his

tracing of the progress of the art through its strenuous development, its sublime maturity, and its beautiful decadence, his book remains unrivaled.

He has now placed us under renewed obligations by the "Women of Homer" (Dodd, Mead & Co.) It would be hard to find among recent issues a more delightful work or one more worthy of perusal. Just as Homer's men are the most perfect ideals of heroic manhood, so his women are the noblest among Eve's lovely daughters. And Mr. Perry enables us to realize their charms as few have done. Standing out alone upon his pages and interpreted by his exquisite sympathy and ripe scholarship, we are enabled to understand them in a way that would be otherwise impossible, at least without many readings of the immortal epics. He brings them before us one after the other, glorious Helen, winning all hearts by her grace and beauty, Aphrodite's victim and the blameless source of unnumbered woes; Andromache, the noblest and sweetest picture of a hero's wife that pen has ever drawn; Hecuba, the devoted mother; Penelope, the wisest and most faithful of matrons; and charming Nausicaa, the fairest and most attractive of all the dreams of girlhood. These and others he shows us, and when we lay down his book we realize as we have never realized before the beauty, the dignity, and the elevation of the Homeric conception of man and woman, and of their lives, their duties, and their destinies. He makes us see more clearly why the Greeks took Homer for their Bible, and how the most gifted of all the races of mankind found in him a sufficient guide. The "Women of Homer" is a book which the mere literary student could not have written, which could come only from one steeped in the glories of Grecian art; a work combining consummate scholarship with an intense sympathy and a most felicitous diction. Among so many learned but tedious disquisitions on the past, and flippant, coarse, or commonplace presentations of the present, it is a great pleasure to wander through Homer's grand and beautiful realm, guided by so competent a hand. It is not a large book, but it will cause many to turn again to their Homer (in the original if they



can, in translations if they must), and from his reading they will arise refreshed and strengthened, with a deeper sense of life's dignity and worth. Mr. Perry is an Englishman, but America may well boast that our own Bryant has enriched our common language with its noblest rendering of the glorious epics, and many will turn from one to the other with enhanced enjoyment.

G. B. ROSE.

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ROSE'S "RENAISSANCE MASTERS."

RENAISSANCE MASTERS, THE ART OF RAPHAEL, MICHAELANGELO, LEONARDO DA VINCI, TITIAN, CORREGGIO, AND BOTTICELLI. By George B. Rose. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1898. 8vo., pp. vii. 189.

Readers of this REVIEW have the pleasure of an acquaintance with Mr. Rose, and they will recognize in the introduction to his new volume a very interesting paper on the general features of the Renaissance in Italy contributed by him to these pages not many months since. The characteristics of this introduction are the characteristics of the entire book: full knowledge, sound taste, balance, and sanity of judgment. So far as we can tell, there is not an eccentric note in the book—which is rare enough in all writings upon subjects of art, especially since Mr. Ruskin has impressed his brilliant but often bizarre spirit upon the world.

It is hard to say which of the papers we prefer. That on Raphael corrects the balance, which has lately been tipping toward depreciation. That on Leonardo succeeds admirably, in spite of its short compass, in bringing out the marvelous universality—it will not do to say versatility—of the man in whom culminated the genius of the Renaissance. That on Titian does him full justice as a religious and portrait painter, and is not at all vitiated by the current overestimation of the great but harsh Tintoretto. Correggio, too, who was overestimated by the last century but has suffered in this, is treated most sympathetically but, to our mind, fairly. As for Botticelli, Mr. Rose understands well his historical importance and shows himself all the truer a lover of the painter in not becoming his bitter partisan. He brings

out Botticelli's charm, though perhaps he does not emphasize sufficiently its morbid features, and thus, as throughout his book, occupies that safe balanced position which is indicative of serene culture. The appearance of such a volume ought to be hailed with satisfaction by all who are interested in the development of Southern literature. W. P. T.

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WELLS'S MODERN FRENCH FICTION.

A CENTURY OF FRENCH FICTION. By Benjamin W. Wells, Ph.D.  
New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1898.

Professing to be a study of novels, not of novelists, this book of criticism is not only well worth reading, but one that can get itself read by any one who begins it to the last word on the last page. It wastes no space with irrelevant gossip, so usually deemed an important part of literary discussions; yet it never fails to furnish a spiritual portrait of each author of importance with whose works it deals; a portrait not of the citizen, the friend, the lover, the man of the world, but of the novelist as such. Dr. Wells is a reader who can give himself and others a clear account of what he has enjoyed or, as the case may be, suffered. His synopsis of a complex novel is wonderfully succinct, yet vital. He seizes the central thought, the essential features of the situation, the inmost soul of a character. Clear-sighted, no fair hypocrisies can easily dupe him, even if now and then he may wink one eye and pretend not to see. Scholar though he is, he sees no harm in cracking a nut full of humorous meat; in cracking a nut wittily empty. He will pin an epithet wickedly delightful to the coat tails of a vulgar noun that struts along unconscious of its absurdity. While you contemplate the quiet constellations in his critical sky, he will shoot off a rocket of paradox, to the momentary disgust of the stars of the first magnitude and the confusion of the heavenly-minded. But this freedom, boyishness, waggery, is no evidence of levity. He is deeply in earnest. But he has the unusual courtesy not to assume that our patience and erudition are as unflinching and well disciplined as his. Indeed, he makes light of

his accomplishments to set us at our ease with him, and magnifies the gift of laughter, because in all probability we share it with him in fairly equal degree. Let no one be so unmannerly as to take foul advantage of his graciousness or good humor. Dr. Wells has shown us in two chapters what he can do at a pinch: those first two chapters on Balzac's "development" and "maturity," so likely to terrify him who has not read, and to exasperate him who has, by their over fullness of fact!

If any fault is to be found with Dr. Wells as a critic, it is that he, like all who have lived intensely, is a succession of men, but that each of them has been in turn too deferential to his predecessors. Each dog has his day, but he ought not to have more. All popes are infallible, yet we are disposed to commend them for not speaking more than one at a time *ex cathedra*. Remember the scandal of Avignon! So it is well that the critic should note for the reader's edification whether a particular judgment is uttered by his living soul, or comes from the lips of some specter self that haunts the chambers of his memory. Ere dealing with things substantial it is no more than right to ascertain whether one be in the body or out of the body. To be specific: poisons in Gautier, because we have attained to years of great discretion, and are likely to survive even a larger dose, shall not be deemed deleterious? The food value of his romances shall not be depreciated thereby? But the poisons in "Chateaubriand," because they have lost for us their power of unhealthy stimulation, and act now depressingly, shall be grewsomely labeled with scarlet skull and bones? So be it. Here is a judgment of maturity. In both cases the immoral element has been looked at from the same point of view. Yet, for our part, we should observe, poisons that injure the young only are no less toxic than poisons that vex the sage adult. We are delighted with his blunt manliness, calling a fool a fool, even if he wore fine apparel. Calamities that are brought upon the hero and heroine by cowardice and lack of good sense do not deserve to be flooded with tears. Not a whole del-

uge of tears can change comic stuff into tragic material—it can only drown the fun. Yet our sturdy critic feels a tenderness for George Sand! Why? Probably a dead enthusiasm haunts his living judgment, and the ghost has hypnotized the man! Others who have sinned no worse than she cannot throw sand in his eye; why let them throw Sand in his teeth?

But this amounts, after all, only to an assertion that the unity of the book is more mechanical than psychological. Taken as a series of essays, each having its own perspective—sometimes the same as others and sometimes not—we can only confess that here is a scholarly book, a vigorous book, a witty book, a whimsical book, one that will not only “repay a reading”—that is, discharge the principal of its debt as an honest book—but generously count out in good gold a larger interest than even a usurer could have expected.

WILLIAM NORMAN GUTHRIE.

## NOTES.

A PATHETIC interest attaches always to the last work of a popular author, and Daudet's posthumous "Soutien de famille," or, as we may translate the title, "The Breadwinner," was sure of a kindly reception. But it has no need to claim any fortuitous indulgence. It bears no mark of incompleteness, of lack of revision, or even of failing strength. Indeed, while it certainly is not, as some critics have made haste to proclaim, the best of Daudet's novels, it is certainly better than anything he gave us since the "Evangelist." It is in part, not the best part, the story of a modern Hamlet, of a man lamed in mind by responsibilities greater than he can bear, and by the profound conviction of his superiority that possesses every member of his family, with the exception of a singularly clear-headed sister. In part, and the best part, the book is a picture of French political life, in which the survivors of the old *doctrinaire* republicans of 1848 are set off admirably against the republicans "for revenue only" of the new *régime*. Many of these characters are easily recognizable portraits, among them that of the President of the republic, a Pecksniff drawn so cleverly that we feel it must be true to nature. Freycinet appears also, and in the background Lord Dufferin and Stanley, whose Anglo-Saxondom is a foil to the festering frivolity of the society in which they come and go. The social and political corruption of the governing classes in France must be desperate indeed if this book describes them justly. Those who prefer to read of persons who respect the seventh or the eighth commandment will hardly find the book to their taste, but it is sure to take a high place in literature as a study of "contemporary manners," ill as those manners may be.

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The early years of factory life in Lowell were unique in the industrial history of Massachusetts and probably of the world. Nowhere and at no time hitherto had women of the



middle class, women bred to independence and with aspirations to culture, been afforded on such a scale a means of economic association and self-support. Socially the experiment was an auspicious success. Economically it resisted the competition of cheap imported goods, but sunk before the competition of cheap imported labor, though here too it seems that intelligent coöperation would have better safeguarded the ultimate interests even of capital. The story of this venture and of the beginning of textile industry in the United States was well worth the telling, and it has been told with admirable simplicity by one of the factory girls themselves in "Loom and Spindle, or Life Among the Early Mill Girls," by Harriet H. Robinson (New York, Crowell), a woman well known among the advance guard of political reformers in the old Bay State. But while her narrative involves economic considerations, it has very considerable interest of a purely literary sort. These women who worked leisurely for twelve hours a day had come, many of them, from cultured homes, to secure means for themselves or for others to continue their training, and found time between their tasks to read and ponder, and when work was over they gathered in "Improvement Circles," whence grew in time the first woman's magazine in the world, "The Lowell Offering," once famous not in America alone but in England and France as well, while in a sense these Lowell circles were parents also of the modern woman's clubs. That these factory girls could write, and write vigorously, we have the best of contemporary testimony, excellently supplemented here by the letter of Clementine Averill to Senator Clemens, of Louisiana, published in the *New York Tribune* of 1850, in answer to a rash assertion that Southern slaves were better off than Northern operatives, which was never less true than then and there. The closing chapter of the book contrasts present conditions with the past, and attributes their inferiority in large part to what a South Carolina Senator of 1850 described as "the accursed policy of the tariff," words quite as true now as they were when they were first spoken.

In "Seven Months a Prisoner," the last volume that has reached us of Scribner's dainty Ivory Series, Judge J. V. Hadley, of Indiana, tells with most graphic directness of his capture on the first day of the battle of the Wilderness and of various adventures and attempts to escape during the slow transportation of the prisoners to the officers' prison at Macon, with some curious bits of the psychology of prison life and vivid descriptions of admirable brevity. Presently the scene shifts to Savannah and Charleston, and thence to Columbia and to a country prison pen, Camp Sorghum, whence he and three others made their escape on November 4, 1864.

This brings us to page 96, about two-fifths through the book. The rest, and on the whole the more cheerful part to those who would gladly veil the sordid side of our fraternal strife, is concerned with a thrilling narrative of their long journey in a hostile country, of their discovery of unexpected friends in need, at such opportune instants that truth seems indeed stranger than fiction, until at last they made their way across South Carolina, into the mountains of North Carolina, and found there rest, refreshment, and guides among the bandit outlaws of the mountains, who brought them fifty miles and then abandoned them on their way to Knoxville, where they arrived at last in time to get either home or among friends for Christmas day.

Of course there is much in this story that will be read with more pleasure north than south of the old line, and yet as a work of simple unconscious art and as a story of gallant manhood it ought to be a refreshment to every critical reader and a joy to every Anglo-Saxon heart. Santiago shows that the old blood is tingling still in the new generation.

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Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson has written a thoughtful book on woman's part in social evolution, and calls it "Women and Economics." (Boston: Small, Maynard & Co., 1898.) Every one who knows Mrs. Stetson's ancestry will expect to find in her work a cleverly dosed mingling of eccentricity and talent. This all her work shows, yet we

are inclined to think she has never produced anything so suggestive and stimulating as this book.

Mrs. Stetson prejudices her case by opening her economic essay with a proem in verse. The verses are well enough, but they are not in their place, and the pages would have been better occupied with an analytic table of contents or with an index. Even when fairly launched on the current of her vigorous prose Mrs. Stetson is apt to prejudice her case by the studied crudeness of her vigorous irony. She begins by stating and illustrating the economic dependence of the female part of the *genus homo*. "We are the only animal species," she says, "in which the female depends on the male for food." This dependence produces an oversexualizing of both male and female, as we may find it also, for instance, in the bovine race. Such a "modification to maternity," Mrs. Stetson thinks, may well have been necessary at a certain period of social development, but has now ceased to be so, for it tends to develop the vices of the slave in woman and of the master in man, and so in the course of successive generations may well produce an "innate perversion of character resultant from the miscegenation of two so diverse souls." If a way could be found to restore woman to economic independence without marring the domestic life, Mrs. Stetson feels that it would have "a clarifying and harmonizing effect on the race." "Not the sex relation but the economic relation of the sexes has so tangled the skein of human life." "We have kept half of humanity tied to the starting post while the other half ran." Of the future Mrs. Stetson is hopeful, though she makes no Utopian forecasts. To us the best ground of encouragement is the fact that women to-day are thinking such thoughts and writing such books as this. Surely when this is possible present conditions cannot be unfavorable to the intellectual independence of woman, and that is sure to bring economic independence in the long run.

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The late Victor Duruy's manuals of history are too well known to require comment. His "History of France,"

edited by Professor Jameson, has long been a most satisfactory text-book. Its publishers, T. Y. Crowell & Co., have just issued as a companion volume the "General History of the World," which has been edited and brought up to the conclusion of the Spanish-American war, by Professor Edwin A. Grosvenor, of Amherst College. It is naturally a thick volume, but it might be profitably used by colleges, and will be very useful to readers in need of such a manual. The present century receives fuller treatment than any of its predecessors, which seems to us to be laying the stress in the right place.

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Dean Farrar's latest publication, "Great Books" (T. Y. Crowell & Co.), consists of an essay on the value of good literature, followed by papers on Bunyan, Shakspeare, Dante, Milton, and the "Meditation of Christ." While none of the essays are profound, all will be useful reading to the wide class of people to whom Dean Farrar appeals. The book will be especially valuable to young people who are beginning their literary education, and to such we warmly commend it. The longest paper is that on Dante; we ourselves prefer that on Milton, for whose consummate genius Dean Farrar has an appreciation which we could wish to find in more Anglican clergymen.

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"From Chaucer to Arnold—Types of Literary Art in Prose and Verse" (The Macmillan Co.) is the title of a thick volume of selections which that prolific editor, Mr. A. J. George, has put together to serve as an introduction to the study of English literature. There is quite a full apparatus of preface, notes, glossary, and list of authorities. Mr. George's scholarship is good, but not impeccable, as may be seen from the fact that he still quotes the famous epitaph on the Countess of Pembroke as Ben Jonson's, without a note of warning. His principles of selection seem to be bizarre when he gives no quotation from "Paradise Lost," nor are they thoroughly inclusive, since he does

not find room for Prior and Campbell to represent society verse and martial poetry respectively. But it cannot be denied that he has made a book that will be extremely useful both to schools and to general readers, even if its lists of authorities might bear revising.

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"The Two Magics" is the title of Mr. Henry James's latest volume. (Macmillan & Co.) It contains two characteristic stories that will probably interest the author's admirers. The first only deals with the supernatural, technically speaking; the second deals with the remarkable effects produced by a charming woman's influence, which is sufficiently magical to justify the title given to the book, although its two component stories have nothing to do with one another. It is the proper thing to praise Mr. James's English, but to our mind its subtleties are overdone, and might be profitably exchanged for a little straightforwardness. His character analysis, however, deserves not a little praise, and his manner of dealing with the supernatural is quite unique.

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"Buccaneers and Pirates of Our Coast," by Frank R. Stockton (The Macmillan Co.), is a book sufficiently described by its title. It ought to be immensely interesting as well as instructive to boys, and older people may get from it not a little pleasure and profit. The true story of the famous Capt. Kidd forms the *finale*, and our old friends Blackbeard and Stede Bonnet are duly remembered. The illustrations are numerous and good. Much the same merits belong to another book just issued by the same publishers, "De Soto and His Men in the Land of Florida," by Miss Grace King, of New Orleans, whose book dealing with that famous city has received such favorable notice. Miss King has told the romantic story in a romantic way, but she has evidently been conscientious in her use of her authorities.

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Professor Jackson, of New York University, is editing a series of biographies of the heroes of the Reformation, of which



the first is rightly that of "Martin Luther," by Professor H. E. Jacobs (New York: Putnam's, 1898), whose varied labors in the history of the Reformation in Germany and of the Lutheran Church have attracted general notice among those who care to trace the inner history of this movement of a national mind. There is probably none in America better qualified for the task, and the author's constant effort at impartiality makes his book interesting even for those who differ very widely from his judgments of events, policies, and persons. One feels always that Dr. Jacobs knows the evidence, and that any difference that may exist between him and his critic rests on the relative weight that they accord to authorities or on the inevitable subjective differences due to the uneliminable personal equation. The early part of the biography, up to the period of the Peasants' War, seems to us more satisfactory than the latter. This was almost inevitable if, according to the title of the series, Luther was to be maintained till his death as the bright cynosure of the Reformation. It does not seem to us that Dr. Jacobs fitly characterizes or adequately explains the inconsistencies of Luther's emotional theology, still less his truckling to the princes in later years, wherever their gain did not mean, as at Marburg, a loss of prestige for himself. The book as a whole, however, is a credit both to its author and to its publishers.

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A timely volume for readers interested in the problem of imperialism will be found in Mr. Benjamin Kidd's "Control of the Tropics." (New York: The Macmillan Co.) Only a little over half the book is new, however, for the lengthy appendix is taken from chapter ten of the author's now notorious "Social Evolution." It is needless to say that Mr. Kidd urges upon English-speaking peoples the control of the tropics as a moral duty.

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Mr. Goldwin Smith has taken advantage of a fresh re-issue of his "Guesses at the Riddle of Existence," to add a new essay in which he replies to his critics, and once

more goes over the grounds on which he rests his criticism of the Old and New Testaments and the Church. His arguments will naturally make a different appeal to different classes of readers, but there will be no difference of opinion as to the remarkable excellence of the English he uses.

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A book which will be very useful not only to teachers, but to all persons who are interested in the theory of education, is Catherine T. Dodd's "Introduction to the Herbartian Principles of Teaching." (The Macmillan Co.) The book is of modest compass, well put together, clear and interesting. We hope that it will have a wide sale and do good.

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Mr. Henry Jones Ford has published, through the Macmillan Company, an interesting sketch of our constitutional development, under the title "The Rise and Growth of American Politics." His conclusions are neither too optimistic—a common fault—nor too pessimistic; and his book, which is of moderate compass, ought to do good.

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In his "New England Poets" (Macmillan) Mr. William Cranston Lawton has performed the useful service of writing in a popular yet reverently enthusiastic manner about the six great imaginative writers of New England who did so much to mold the life and thought of our fathers. There can be little question that the book will do good to latter-day readers, and we cordially commend it.

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Professor Edward Channing's excellent "Student's History of the United States" (Macmillan) has just been enlarged by a quite judicious account of the war recently ended. We suppose that patriotism demands that such recent and debatable topics should be put before our school children, but we should prefer to teach them a different sort of gospel.

Volume vii. of the valuable "Harvard Historical Studies" (Longmans, Green & Co.) is a monograph that will be of very great interest to all students of our colonial period. It is entitled "The Provisional Governor in the English Colonies of North America," and is by Professor E. B. Greene, of the University of Illinois.

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We shall trust to give a more extended notice later of the "University Addresses" of the late Principal Caird, which the Macmillan Company have just sent us. We cannot, however, postpone comment on two beautifully illustrated books just published by the same house, for they are too suggestive as gift books for the holiday season. They are an edition of Mrs. Gaskell's ever-delightful "Cranford" with a preface by Mrs. Ritchie, and characteristically delightful illustrations by Mr. Hugh Thomson, and a most attractively gotten up volume entitled "Home Life in Colonial Days," by Alice Morse Earle. Both books are admirable specimens of the art of illustrators and printers.

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The most pathetic element in the work of every scholar is, of course, connected with the fact that his work, no matter how good, suffers merely from the lapse of time and the consequent addition to the stock of the world's knowledge about his specialty. It is not often that a writer lives long enough to avail himself of the advances made by a generation and thus to secure a little longer life for his work. This is what Mr. Herbert Spencer has done, however, in the case of his "Principles of Biology," the first volume of a new and revised edition of which now lies before us. The preface to the original first volume was dated September 29, 1864; that to the volume before us is dated August, 1898. A generation of scholars and scholarly work is thus represented; but who among the newer men represents such encyclopedic knowledge and herculean power of labor as Mr. Spencer? The Appletons continue to be his American publishers.

It must be the greatest gratification an author can receive in a lifetime to have his works gathered in a beautiful uniform edition. Such has recently been Mr. Austin Dobson's fate. The new edition of his works which Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. are publishing is a model of neatness and charm, and is sold at a very low price. We need hardly commend Mr. Dobson, but it is just as well to advise our readers to secure this dainty set of his works.

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Perhaps the neatest of the numerous series of English classics published in this country is that now being issued by the Macmillan Co. The size is dainty, the paper and print good, and the price, twenty-five cents per volume, is remarkably low. Indeed, it is hard to see where the profit of such an enterprise is to come from.

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We have received from the Macmillan Company five volumes of their new "German Classics" for college and school use, edited by Waterman T. Hewett, Ph.D., of Cornell University. The volumes are Goethe's "Egmont," edited by Professor Sylvester Primer, of the University of Texas; Lessing's "Nathan der Weise," edited by Professor George A. Curme, of the Northwestern University; Schiller's "Jungfrau," edited by Professor Willard Humphreys, of Princeton; Goethe's "Iphigenie auf Tauris," edited by Professor Charles A. Eggert, of the University of Iowa; and Freytag's "Die Verlorene Handschrift" (condensed), edited by Katherine M. Hewett. The same publishers send us "Student's Readings and Questions in English Literature," a little manual based on Brooke's "Outlines," by Harriet L. Mason, of the Drexel Institute; "A Syllabus of English Grammar," by L. C. Foster, revised with additions by H. W. Foster; "An Introductory Logic," by Professor James E. Creighton, of Cornell; "Matter, Energy, Force, and Work," by Professor S. W. Holman, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

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